W B Smith

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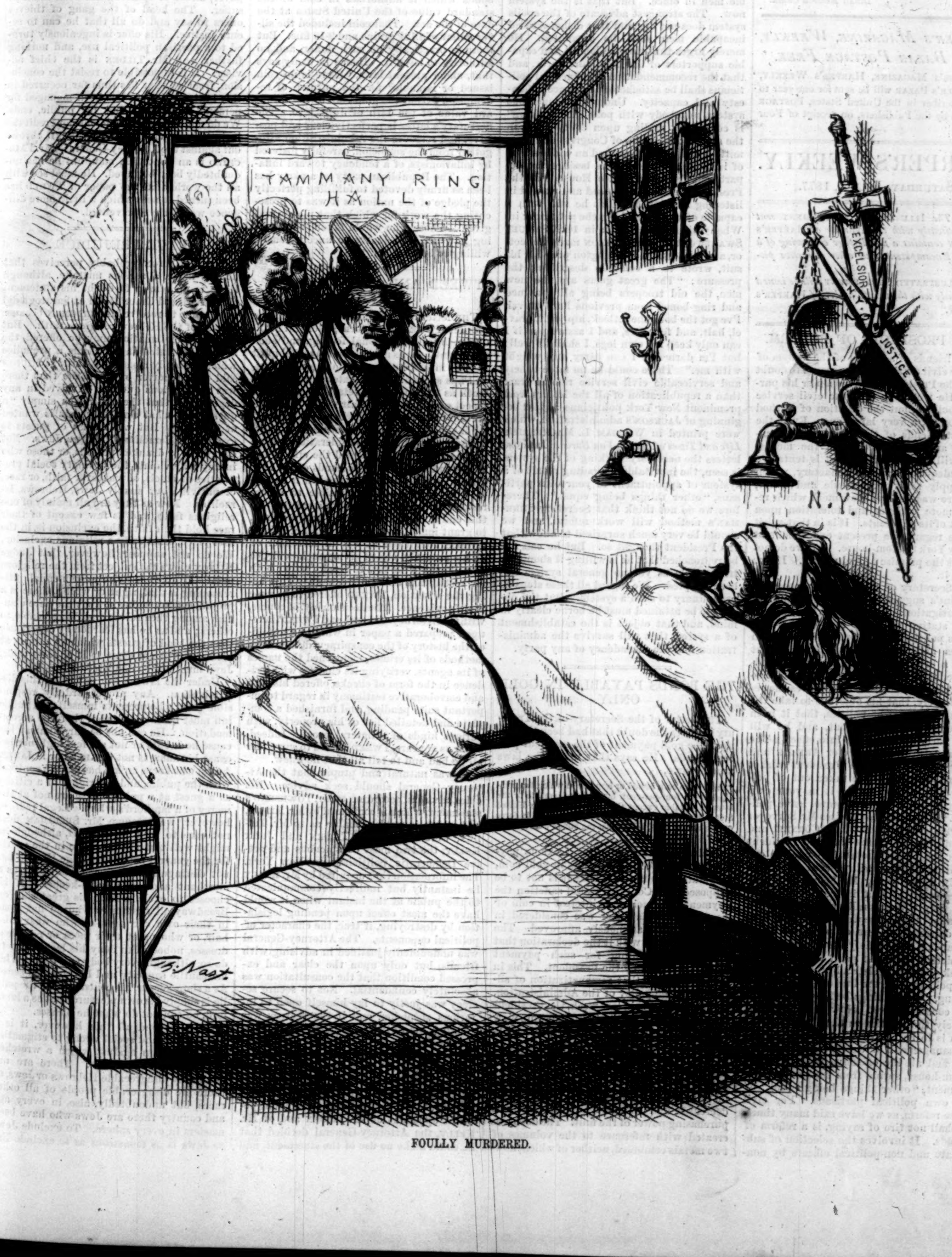
TAMMANY RING HALL
EXCELSIOR
N.Y.
JUSTICE
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FOULLY MURDERED.

[The following beautiful little poem was written by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, upon hearing of Mr. Harper's death, and telegraphed to the New York *Herald* by its London correspondent. It is a significant tribute from one of the most popular of English authors to an American publisher.]

IN MEMORIAM.

Fletcher Harper.

1806-1877.

No soldier, statesman, hierophant, or king;
None of the heroes that you poets sing:
A toiler ever since his days began,
Simple, though shrewd, just-judging man to man;
God-fearing, learned in life's hard-taught school;
By long obedience lessoned how to rule;
Through many an early struggle led to find
That crown of prosperous fortunes—to be kind.
Lay on his breast these English daisies sweet:
Good rest to the gray head and the tired feet
That walked this world for seventy steadfast years!
Bury him with fond blessings, and few tears,
Or only of remembrance, not regret.
On his full life the eternal seal is set,
Unbroken till the resurrection day.
So let his children's children go their way,
Go and do likewise, leaving 'neath this sod
An honest man, "the noblest work of God."

Dinah Mulock Craik.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 7, 1877.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a double-page engraving of a Cossack Encampment, and other attractive pictures.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE PROSPECTS OF REFORM.

THE friends of a reform of the system of the civil service have no reason to doubt either the President's conviction or his purpose. He means to take the civil service out of politics, but the question of method is, of course, a very large one. Even the sincerest friends of the end to be accomplished are not agreed upon the means. There will be much done that is tentative and inadequate and unsatisfactory, which will supply texts for ridicule and doubt, but there was never a movement which required more patience and toleration upon the part of its adherents. It is in that spirit that we regard the present experiment at the New York Custom-house. But we do not see in it the promise of real reform. Let us look at it.

The Secretary of the Treasury, upon the President's suggestion, names a committee of investigation. They make a preliminary report, stating that the root of the mischief is politics, and recommending certain changes and reductions. The President writes a brief but comprehensive and admirable letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, saying to him that he approves the report entirely, that his object is to take the Custom-house out of politics, that it is in the Secretary's department, and he will please carry that purpose into effect. The Secretary turns to Collector Arthur and says, "Mr. Collector, the President wishes the Custom-house to be taken out of politics. You will please do it in your own way, only—you will, of course, leave politics in." The Collector advises Mr. Surveyor Sharpe and Mr. Naval Officer Cornell and Mr. Appraiser Dutcher that the President wishes the Custom-house to be taken out of politics, and they will proceed accordingly, only remembering Mr. Secretary Sherman's postscript that in making appointments they will naturally prefer their own partisans; that excepted, they will take their departments out of politics. Those gentlemen—and we defy the closest observer to detect the finest point of a tongue in a cheek—bow gravely, and proceed to eliminate politics from the Custom-house by appointing, "other things being equal," upon party considerations. Now this practice is precisely the politics in the Custom-house which is to be removed. Assessments and the management of caucuses and conventions, and all the offensive politics in the Custom-house, spring from that root of appointment, "other things being equal," of your own political partisans. For civil service reform, as we have said many times, and shall not tire of saying, is a reform of methods. It involves the selection of subordinate and non-political officers by non-political methods. The instant that party and political considerations are introduced, they supersede all others, and become supreme. The President very properly states his purpose in the plainest way to the Secretary, and instructs him to carry it out. He does not dictate methods, and the Secretary chooses his own. If the President should peremptorily interfere, and insist that the Secretary's way was absurd and must be changed, the Secretary would naturally resign, and thus there would be a cabinet crisis and serious public disturbance, while the whole subject of reform was still crude and undetermined.

If, as we most certainly believe, substantial reform is not practicable except by a careful procedure consistently followed, and a procedure totally independent of "influence" and "pressure" and "the dominant party," it is not to be expected that increase of the hours and reduction of the force and formal prohibition of active partisanship will take the Custom-house out of politics. A favorite cry of the zealous opponents of a change of system is, that the only civil service reform needed is to put honest and capable men in office. But that is the system now. The strongest advocate of the spoils system does not demand that dishonest and incapable men shall be appointed. He merely urges that they be honest and capable supporters of the dominant party, and that the recommendation of influential politicians shall be satisfactory evidence of honesty and capacity. Under this ingenious system, somebody with political "backing" is constantly raiding upon every office in the service; members of Congress and committees and delegations and an endless host of individual office-seekers besiege the departments and the White House, and the President's time is engrossed and wasted in listening to petitions that he will turn a capable officer out and put the petitioner in. When this system began in 1829, Samuel Swartwout, whom Jackson made Collector, and who was in Washington pressing his suit, wrote to a comrade describing the pressure: "The great goers are the new men, the old troopers being all spavined and ring-boned from previous hard travel. I've got the bots, the fetlock, hip joint, gravel, halt, and founders, and I assure you if I can only keep my own legs, I shall do well; but I'm darned if I can carry any weight with me." There could be no more timely and serviceable civil service reform tract than a republication of all the letters from prominent New York politicians at the beginning of Jackson's administration, which were printed in William L. Mackenzie's *Life and Times of Martin Van Buren*. In those letters the necessary working of the system is seen, the inevitably degrading result of a system of appointment of your own partisans, "other things being equal." Therefore we do not think that Secretary Sherman's method will work reform, and we should be very much surprised to know that the President thought so. But he can not be reproached that he is willing it should be tried, while as yet no general system has been adopted. We regard all these steps as preliminary to such a system. But the object to be attained must be borne clearly in mind, and that object is the establishment of a system that will survive the administration and the ascendency of any party.

THE BONDS PAYABLE IN GOLD ONLY.

The letter of the Secretary of the Treasury removes the doubt that had been thrown upon the gold payment of the new four-per-cent. bonds. He says that, under the laws now in force,

> "there is no coin issued or issuable in which the principal of the four-per-cent. bonds is redeemable or the interest payable except the gold coin of the United States of the standard value fixed by the laws in force on the 14th of July, 1870, when the bonds were authorized."

He adds that the government exacts payment at the face of the bonds in gold coin, and states emphatically that it is not to be supposed that Congress would sanction the payment of principal or interest in coin of less value. This letter was considered in cabinet, and unanimously approved. The approval carries with it the declaration that legislation providing for such payment would be vetoed by the President. This in turn announces that remonetization of silver is not the policy of the Administration, and that, as we said last week, the President takes not a technical but an honorable view of the subject, and proposes a perfect observance of the pledged national faith, of which we presume no one who knows him had any doubt.

It is unquestionably true that it is a maxim of money that the increase of its volume decreases, and the decrease increases, the purchasing power of the unit. The debt was created with reference to the volumes of two metals combined, neither of which, however, was at the time currency; and it may be a fair question whether the demonetization of silver did not thereby increase the value of gold. But remonetization would not be a remedy, for the reason that as silver has lost the relative value that it then bore to gold, mere remonetization could not restore that value. It would be an attempt to right one alleged wrong by another. Europe would gladly flood us with silver if we were to create a demand by remonetization. But as we produce and sell it ourselves, we should hardly remedy our troubles by buying it of Europe. Even the bi-metallic countries were forced to shut out silver, by limiting coinage, when it was demonetized by nations around them. The demand for remonetization, when it is not a cry for mere inflation, is a total misapprehension of the power of any financial action of the United States alone to pacify or regulate the fluctuations of a metal whose disturbing influences are beyond its sole control.

Secretary Sherman does not, of course, deny that the funding act of July 14, 1870, under which the four-per-cent. bonds are issued, provides for the redemption of all the bonds which it authorizes in coin of the standard value of the United States at the date of the act. That coin included the silver dollar of 4.12½ grains and 9-10 fine. But there is practically no such dollar, and no authority to issue it. Hence he truly says that, under present laws, "there is no coin issued or issuable" for the purpose of redemption except the gold coin of the standard value of the 14th of July, 1870. The Secretary's letter is perfectly clear and positive, and removes the Administration altogether from the suspicion, carefully fostered by inflationists, of a tendency toward inflation. The Republican party as a party has been as firmly devoted to fulfilling perfectly the pledge of the nation as it was to prosecuting the work for which that pledge was given. Those who would favor any faltering now are, consciously or unconsciously, willing to break faith.

TWEED AND THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

The letter of Mr. John D. Townsend, the counsel of Tweed, to Attorney-General Fairchild, is full of personal feeling, and such statements in it as may be controverted must be held in suspense until the Attorney-General has spoken. But whatever may be the truth as to conflicting details, there is one aspect of this Tweed affair which is too important to be overlooked. It is that the matter has been, apparently, determined by political and not by judicial considerations. Here is a man who has defrauded the city of immense sums. He is in the hands of the law. The duty of the officers of the law is to proceed as sagaciously as possible to secure restitution and to impose punishment. To this end it may be necessary, or it may not, to grant immunity even to the chief offender upon conditions of a total surrender of all his property, and of giving such evidence as will enable the law to reach further both for restitution and punishment. This being the situation, Tweed offered to become State's evidence. The decision lay, of course, with the Attorney-General, and Tweed thereupon prepared a paper in which he unfolded the history of the conspiracy, detailed the methods of its crimes, mentioned the names of its agents, verifying its charges with evidence in the form of checks, offered his own and corroborative testimony in regard to important suits pending, and furnished a complete and detailed list of his property, with various kinds of collateral proof. Indeed, so far as appears, Tweed offered to surrender all he had and to tell all that he knew.

It was natural and proper that the Attorney-General should seek advice. His chief advisers, according to Mr. Townsend's statement, which is confirmed by Mr. Kelly, and which is most probable as to Mr. Tilden, were Samuel J. Tilden and John Kelly, the two most conspicuous and active Democratic politicians in New York. The information thus acquired by Mr. Kelly he instantly but indirectly communicated to the public at the instant when it would have the most effect upon pending legislation by destroying, if true, the character of political opponents. The Attorney-General was undoubtedly justified in advising with friends, but only upon the clear and expressed condition that the consultation was absolutely confidential. Not to secure secrecy was justly to lay himself open to injurious suspicion, and if the secrecy was violated, his duty of promptly denouncing the treachery was equally clear. His confidence was violated, and apparently he did not denounce it; but after the proposed statement of Tweed had done all the harm it could do, and in the most subtle and sinister way, to the character of an eminent political opponent of Mr. Tilden and of Mr. Kelly, the Attorney-General decided that he could make no use of the statement, and declined the offer, nearly two months after it was made.

The advice that it is fair to assume would govern the Attorney-General was that of Mr. Tilden, to whose favor he owes his elevation, and whom he sincerely respects, and the conclusion is inevitable that Mr. Tilden, who is, before all, a politician—in the disagreeable sense of the term—is really the person who has caused the suppression of the statements that Tweed was ready to make. It may be that he did not think Tweed's evidence would justify his release, but certainly it did not need two months to ascertain that fact. The whole affair has the appearance of a huge political job, in which Mr. Tilden is the chief counsel. The obligation of honor upon all concerned was that nothing whatever, not the least word, should be said of the "confession" unless it was accepted upon its own conditions, and accepted solely for the purpose of securing justice and restitution. But it has been evidently used as a political weapon and then thrown away, and Mr. Tilden appears as the chief adviser. The city has been grossly defrauded, and every taxpayer, direct or indirect, has been made to suffer. The head of the gang of thieves offers to say and do all that he can to secure justice. His offer is ingeniously turned to a partisan political use, and nothing further, and Mr. Tilden is the chief adviser. It is impossible to resist the conclusion, from all that has thus far occurred in this business, that it has been managed for personal and party, not for public, ends. We do not share the suspicions nor credit the insinuations which Mr. Townsend throws out against the Attorney-General. Mr. Fairchild is an honorable man, but he has undoubtedly been betrayed. He must see with all the world that the paper of Tweed has been turned to uses which a little more diligence would have prevented.

RACE PREJUDICE.

Judge Hilton probably perceives that he has made a serious mistake, although there is no reason to doubt his statement that the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga did not decline to receive Mr. Seligman because he was of the Hebrew religious faith. But whatever explanation may be offered, the action illustrates and confirms a prejudice which is simply monstrous. Judge Hilton said to a reporter of the *Times* that there was no religious question involved in any degree, and that the affair was simply "a question of what class of guests is wanted at a hotel." But what class of guests is excluded? Israelites, Hebrews, Jews. Not disorderly or drunken persons, or those who in any way violate the ordinary social proprieties of hotels, of whatever faith, or race, or nativity, but simply Jews, Hebrews, Israelites. Now as they are all mainly of one religious faith, and as few except of their race hold their faith, the exclusion is, in the first place, practically a religious exclusion. We do not suppose, however, that Judge Hilton views the subject from the religious point. His view is strictly commercial. His reasoning is that, right or wrong, there is a prejudice against Jews; that they are clannish among themselves and disagreeable to others; and as he has learned by experience that the kind of guests which he desires at his hotel will not come to it if Jews come, Jews must not be admitted.

Under the law he can not make this discrimination. Any proper, orderly, responsible guest who presents himself at a public inn must be entertained if there be accommodation. He can not be turned away because he is bald or not six feet high, nor because his name is not Charles or is James. A man who keeps an inn has made a contract with the public, and the rights of a citizen as a guest at a public-house are not at the mercy of a landlord's whim. Legal redress, however, we presume Mr. Seligman does not care to seek for himself, although he might well test the principle in the courts for the general benefit. Judge Hilton has not distinguished between his rights as a merchant and as a hotel-keeper. If he chooses to exclude from his great shop on Broadway all customers who do not come in their own carriages, or who wear false hair, or who paint their faces or pad their dresses, nobody can deny his legal right to do so, although every body will question his mercantile sagacity and his common-sense. As a shop-keeper, his contract with the public is simply his own pleasure; but as a landlord, he can not do what he pleases.

Quite beyond all this, however, it is a great moral and social wrong to stigmatize an entire class against which a wretched prejudice already exists. There are undoubtedly disagreeable Hebrews, or Jews, as there are disagreeable people of all other races, but undoubtedly, also, in every age and country there are Jews who have been masters in every sphere. To exclude Jews as Jews is as monstrous as to exclude English as English or Californians as Californians. Judge HILTON volunteers a distinction between "SELIGMAN Jews" and a superior class of Hebrews. But that is a purely arbitrary discrimination of his own, which he has no lawful authority to impose upon those who seek accommodation at his inn. If what is called "vulgarity" is to exclude, the rule must be enforced against a great many other guests than those known as Jews, while to exclude Jews as a class because of vulgarity is preposterous. The action of Judge HILTON has had at least the good effect of showing how sincere and universal is the protest against the indulgence of a race prejudice against white skins. We beg to remind the protestants that a race prejudice against black skins is quite as despicable.

CHARLES READE AND THE MEDICAL STUDIES OF WOMEN.

THE following correspondence is published only at this late day because of some inexplicable delay in the transmission of the letters. The publication is, however, not untimely, as the completed work of Mr. READE, *The Woman-Hater*, is just issued. The subject of the medical education of women constantly commands more and more attention both in America and England, and we are glad to know that the college of the New York Infirmary receives the heartiest co-operation from some of the most eminent gentlemen in the medical and surgical profession.

"WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE
NEW YORK INFIRMARY.

"*Mr. Charles Reade:*

"DEAR SIR,—The chapter of your story in the December number of *Harper's Magazine* has awakened the greatest interest in our little circle on this side the Atlantic.

"We desire to express our most hearty admiration of your heroine's earnest persistence in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The clear perception of right and wrong which she exhibits especially delights us. This well-defined moral quality is so rare that her character shines forth with all the brighter lustre.

"Even in this land of boasted liberty, few conceive that justice and equality should have any reference to women. Still we are well aware that we enjoy advantages which were denied to those who have preceded us. With full appreciation of the privileges which this city now offers to women in the study of medicine, we never forget that we are indebted to England for the founders of our college, Dr. ELIZABETH and Dr. EMILY BLACKWELL, the latter still remaining president of the college, and our honored professor.

"Allow us to express our pleasure that your keen-pointed pen has been used so effectively in behalf of our English sisters, and so of all women.

"Respectfully, Victoria A. White, M. J. M'Cleevy, Kate J. Jackson, Williemena H. Elliot, Julia K. Cary, Annie M. Reid, Sarah M. Crawford, Elizabeth R. Gillett, Mary D. Hussey, Julia E. Wallace, Emma L. Randall, Jennie Tower Leonard, J. C. Moore, A.M., Sarah J. M'Nutt, Rebecca Barnard, Charlotte F. Williams, Anna W. Kirk, Annie S. Daniel, Clara A. Cox, Josephine Chevalier, Mary A. West, Mary E. Baldwin, Alice B. Brill, Kate Parker, M. Barton, Rosavelle Gardner Philip, Alice F. Hascall, Gertrude A. Farwell.

"128 SECOND AVENUE, NEW YORK, *November 29, 1876.*"

"2 ALBERT TERRACE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
LONDON, *December 12, 1876.*

"*Miss Victoria White, Miss Kate Jackson, Miss Mary J. M'Cleevy, and other ladies in the Medical College of the Infirmary, New York:*

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADIES,—Nothing in the way of comment on my labors has given me so much pleasure as the encouraging words Miss WHITE has been good enough to pen me, and you have done me the honor to indorse.

"It is very generous of you; for in your own persons you owe me nothing: your battle is won without my help. The female students of America have encountered opposition in every form, but have conquered, thanks to their own fortitude, and the character of their nation, which is too brave, chivalrous, and just to *persist* in siding with the strong against the weak, and with cliques against a sex.

"Here it is not so. Your English sisters are far fewer in number, and inferior in ability and courage, and their foes are pig-headed beyond belief. Our medical women need a champion. Were I twenty years younger, I think I could fight the battle out for them. But my age, and an intermittent but chronic and most exhausting cough, have made me less able to sustain long strife than I used to be.

"Nevertheless, I assure you that on reading your kind missive I felt your young blood glow in my veins, and that I could die, like Macbeth, with 'harness on my back,' or, like SAMSON himself, in the very act of pulling down some stronghold of time-honored iniquity.

"I now take the privilege of my age, and send you my love, as well as my esteem and sympathy, and wish you, with all my heart, health, happiness, and success, and the just respect of your fellow-citizens.

"I am, Miss WHITE and ladies, your very faithful servant, CHARLES READE."

CHARLES F. BRIGGS.

MR. BRIGGS, who died a few days since, was truly what the *World* called him, one of "the Old Guard" of professional literary men in New York. He came here many years ago, when he renounced sea-faring, and he had a peculiar fondness for the city, which he seldom left, except for brief vacations. He had somehow the reputation of a hard and severe man, but his heart was honey-sweet, and his love as deep and faithful as that of woman. He was, in the old sense, a humorist, and often shielded himself behind a manner that seemed crisp. But he was full of generous sympathies and unselfish admirations, which were the more touching because his long and diligent literary labor brought him little personal renown, and his name was less known in literary circles when he died than it was twenty-five years ago. In the old *Knickerbocker* days, he was one of its chief stars, as "Harry Franco," and in his "Trippings of Tom Pepper" there are vivid glimpses of the New York of thirty years ago, and sharp sketches of prominent figures in its society. The old *Putnam* was his pride, and it was very largely indebted to his interest, care, and talent. His little story of "Elegant Tom Dillar" is one of the brightest of magazine sketches. Mr. BRIGGS's contributions to newspapers were countless, and among all the words that he has written there are very few that he would have cared to blot for any injustice or unkindness of tone.

He had warm friendships with eminent men. LOWELL dedicated to him his "Fable for Critics." He was an old friend of WILLIAM PAGE, the painter, and late president of the National Academy, and it was at Mr. BRIGGS's instance that EDMUND QUINCY wrote "Wensley" for *Putnam's Monthly*. He was too constantly busy to see much of any friend, but he never met one of those whom he especially loved without that greeting of the heart which showed its perpetual youth. One evening last week he went home from his daily work upon the *Independent*, and before midnight he was dead, of a malady of the heart.

He will not be forgotten. Like CHARLES LAMB's Jem White, his name will appear in other men's writings, if not in his own, and with a certain fondness of allusion, as in LOWELL's lines in the "Fable for Critics," which are the portrait of the active, generous, kindly man whom all his friends will bear tenderly in memory:

"There comes Harry Franco, and, as he draws near,
You find that's a smile which you took for a sneer;
One-half of him contradicts t'other; his wont
Is to say very sharp things and do very blunt;
His manner's as hard as his feelings are tender,
And a sortie he'll make when he means to surrender;
He's in joke half the time when he seems to be sternest,
When he seems to be joking, be sure he's in earnest;
He has common-sense in a way that's uncommon,
Hates humbug and cant, loves his friends like a woman,
Builds his dislikes of cards and his friendships of oak,
Loves a prejudice better than aught but a joke;
Is half upright Quaker, half downright Come-outer,
Loves freedom too well to go stark mad about her;
Quite artless himself, is a lover of art,
Shuts you out of his secrets and into his heart."

GOVERNOR HAMPTON AT AUBURN.

THE visit of Governor HAMPTON, of South Carolina, to Auburn, and his speech there, are both notable events. It was a good thing for him to come, and what he said was frank and manly. Mr. THEODORE M. POMEROY, in an exceedingly happy address, welcomed all the invited guests upon behalf of the city. Mr. POMEROY is a conspicuous Republican, which made his generous greeting the more significant, and his allusions to the war were most thoughtful and wise. His words were those of an American patriot:

"Love does not flourish in the soil of domestic suspicion, nor patriotism in the soil of sectional hate. Our war is ended. God's judgment upon our great trial by the wager of battle is final. The record is made up, and its issues can not be retried. Standing on that judgment and by that judgment, the past is as night, the present as morning, and the future as day."

Governor HAMPTON, in response, declared that the late contest in South Carolina was not so much for party success as for good government and civilization. It was not against Northern men living in the State, but against thieves. The pledges made by his supporters, he insists, have been redeemed and will continue to be redeemed. It is the carpet-bagger or thief, not the honest immigrant to the State, who is hated and opposed. The Governor, of course, could speak only for himself, and it is not difficult to insist that all his fellow-citizens do not agree with him. But the point of his speech was its freedom from partisanship where mere partisanship would have been easy. He is entitled to a fair and generous interpretation.

Governor HAMPTON said, in conclusion:

"I declared that if elected I would be Governor of the whole people of South Carolina; that I should know no race, no party, no color; that all men who stood on the soil of South Carolina, native or foreign born, white or black, should be equal before the law, and, so help me God! it shall be done. I am glad to say the bitterness which marked that strife is passing away; and I say to you, men of New York, as I say at home, I owe my election to the colored men of South Carolina. Thousands of them voted for me, knowing that I had been a good friend of their race, knowing that I was the first man after the war to recommend that they should be given the right of suffrage, and I have never yet changed my opinion on this subject. Knowing this, they sustained me in large numbers, and I am happy to say that nearly all the fears of the more ignorant are passing away, and they are satisfied that they will be dealt with in all respects as citizens of South Carolina. We intend to try to elevate them, educate them, and show them the responsibilities as well as the blessings of liberty. We want them, as other citizens of America and of South Carolina, to be worthy of the great boon of citizenship of this great republic. My friends, I must again thank you for this cordial greeting, doubly gratifying because it is the voice of New York reverberating to South Carolina. I come, as I said, to do honor to my distinguished friend General SHIELDS. He wore the blue and I wore the gray, but we can let the curtain drop over these years, and go back to the time when that flag borne by him waved alike over the men of the South and the men of the North, and we can look beyond to the future, when through all time that flag shall float over a free and prosperous and reunited country. I say this to you—a Southern man, a rebel; for when I fought, I fought as hard as I knew how against you—and I say, also, if that flag floats, as it should do, over free and equal States, if it shall be the symbol of liberty and equality and justice to all the States, and every man of every State, the men of the South will honor it and love it as of old, and the time may come once more when New York and South Carolina shall stand shoulder to shoulder against a common enemy, and their blood mingle upon the soil. My friends, I shall bear this cordial greeting back home with me to the little Palmetto State, and assure our people that your hearts here throb kindly for us. I trust in God that a better future is before the whole country, and that we shall have peace, prosperity, and liberty to every man upon the continent."

There is no honorable citizen, Republican or Democrat, who can not cordially cry Amen. Every reader will see that this is not ordinary party oratory. There is evidently a common ground, far deeper than mere party, on which Mr. POMEROY and Governor HAMPTON both stood in their addresses; and the feeling, common to both, is the earnest of that better understanding which makes a true union possible—the better understanding which the administration of President HAYES surely promotes.

PERSONAL.

MR. G. W. SMALLEY, in a letter from London to the *Tribune*, expresses the opinion that during all the period subsequent to Mr. ADAMS's term, whoever might be envoy in name, Mr. MOTLEY was beyond comparison the most useful representative we had in England. "He knew every body, went every where, and was liked, consulted, and trusted. He was the best representative we have had of what there is best in America. Mr. GLADSTONE, Earl RUSSELL, the Duke of Argyle, the Duke of Westminster, Lord HOUGHTON, Mr. HUGHES, Mr. CARLYLE, Dean STANLEY, Lady WALDEGRAVE, were among his intimate friends." There was nobody worth knowing whom he did not know. For more than twenty years he rose every morning at six and sat down to his manuscripts and books. He spoke four languages fluently, and was master of the literature of three others. He knew every capital in Europe, and was at home in all them. His accomplishments, his singular distinction of manner, his high qualities, made him a favorite every where.

—There is an old saying about the inutility of doing a brilliant act in battle and having your name spelled incorrectly in the dispatches. The *Independence Belge*, the leading Continental journal of Europe, describes ex-President GRANT's departure from Philadelphia, and says that he was attended by M. FANEY, director of the *Press*, and that among the ceremonies was the singing of a hymn composed by M. OLIVER WENDELL!

—The Emperor WILLIAM, on learning of Mr. WASHBURNE's resignation, resolved to present him with his life-size portrait, in acknowledgment of the protection given by Mr. WASHBURNE to German subjects in France during the war of 1870. Mr. WASHBURNE will visit Berlin before returning to the United States.

—General GRANT is enjoying an almost royal progress through Great Britain. His reception has been remarkable. From members of the royal family and patricians of the bluest blood, from members of the cabinet and representatives of the great cities of the country, from men of science and men of letters—in short, from "all sorts and conditions of men," he has received a greeting such as has never hitherto been extended to an American. And he has deported himself through it all with a modesty and manliness that have won their esteem, and added to the good feeling that is felt for him by his countrymen. The letter addressed by him to his friend GEORGE W. CHILDS expresses better even than his published speeches how deeply he has felt the courtesies that have been almost showered upon him by the English people.

—Mr. JENNINGS, in one of his recent letters to the New York *World*, speaks of an on-coming man in British politics, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P. for Birmingham, who promises to play somewhat the part with the English Liberal party which Mr. THURLOW WEED played for so many years in connection with the Whig and Republican parties. He does not, however, possess Mr. WEED's shrewdness, tact, and great knowledge of human character and skill in managing others. Nevertheless, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is a power in his way—a pushing, aggressive, elbowing sort of man, about forty-one, who made a snug fortune in business in Birmingham, and was wise enough to retire with it, and not try the vicissitudes of trade too far.

—Mr. J. G. PAYNE, son of Bishop PAYNE, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is announced as a candidate for Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives. He is a brother-in-law of Senator GORDON, and a classmate of Senator LAMAR and Representative CHALMERS, of Mississippi.

—Three new scholarships have been added to those already established at Union College—one of $10,000 presented by Messrs. J. B. and J. M. CORNELL, of this city, one of $5000 by Hon. CLARKSON N. POTTER, and one of $5000 from the estate of the late JOHN M'CLELLAND, of this city, in addition to a previous bequest of $18,000.

—INMAN EDWARD PAGE, a colored student at Brown University, has succeeded in every respect better than his brother FLIPPER at West Point. While a rigid non-intercourse law was for four years maintained between FLIPPER and the nascent warriors at the Military Academy, PAGE has lived in the largest-leaved clover at Brown, and in the Senior year just closed was chosen Class-day Orator—a position so much coveted among students ambitious for class honors that it is ranked by many even higher than the Salutatory or the Valedictory. PAGE has throughout been treated by his classmates as one of themselves. He is a good writer and speaker, though not noticeably better than some of his classmates. His conduct had been uniformly modest but self-respectful, and he had won the esteem of professors as well as students. The deportment of his class toward him is in high and honorable contrast with that pursued by the less manly students supported by the government at West Point, who may have already learned that the "plain people" of the country are with FLIPPER.

—DANIEL WEBSTER's magnificent silver dinner service, used by him when Secretary of State, has been recently purchased by the Somerset Club, of Boston. The service was originally bought by BENJAMIN RUSH, of the famous RUSH family, from whom it came into Mr. WEBSTER's hands. Mr. WEBSTER bequeathed it to his old friend PETER HARVEY, who in turn desired that the Somerset Club should have it. It is of unique pattern, and especially valuable for the associations that cluster around it.

—MIDHAT PASHA, ex-Grand Vizier of Turkey, is now in London, and is described as one of the most taciturn of men, although a great scholar, speaking French, Persian, and Arabic fluently. He confidently expects to be recalled to power.

—Somebody once said to VICTOR HUGO, "It must be very difficult to write good poetry." "No, Sir," replied the poet; "it is either very easy or utterly impossible."

—In "Barry Cornwall" PROCTER's *Autobiographical Fragments* are these reminiscences of FENIMORE COOPER: "COOPER was at Lord HOLLAND's. When there, Lady H. (who had heard that he told some story about a whale or a shark very well) turned the conversation on his adventure. 'I believe, Mr. COOPER, that *you* have sustained some perils of this kind?' (The talk had previously been about marine monsters—under board and *a*-board.) COOPER replied, 'Yes.' 'Your adventure was with a whale?' 'No, a shark.' 'Had you a narrow escape?' 'Yes.' 'Pray, how was it?' 'I've told the story before—to those two;' and he pointed to ROGERS and another gentleman, who were at table. He should be put in a cage and taught civil tunes, or he will grow as bad as the vert-vert, who came back to the nuns of the Visitation with oaths in his mouth big enough to frighten an abbess....He was complimented here upon his books. He was assured that they were much admired in England, and had had a 'great run.' They had 'pleased the English,' etc. 'It wasn't what I intended, then,' replied he of the Ohio. He seems to have 'meant nothing but fighting,' as they say in the ring."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ELEVEN men were hanged in Pennsylvania, for murder, on June 21. Ten of them were members of the Molly Maguire organization, by which their crimes were instigated. Six were hanged at Pottsville, four at Mauch Chunk, and one at Wilkesbarre.

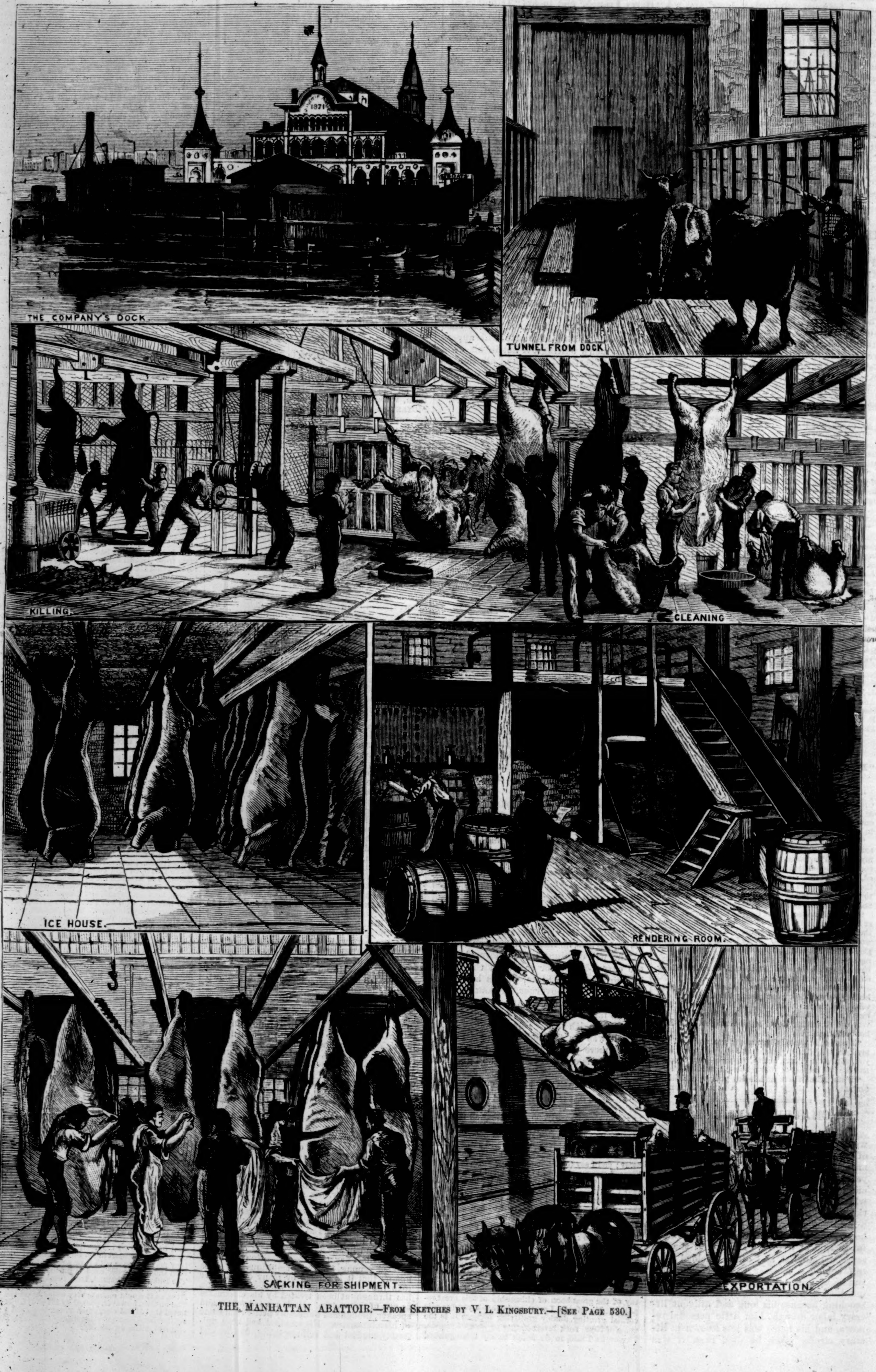
An Indian outbreak has occurred in Idaho. A telegram from General Howard, dated Fort Lapway, June 16, says that the Indians of White Bird's and Joseph's bands murdered about twenty settlers some fifty miles east of that place. Captain Perry, with two companies of soldiers, made a forced march upon them, and the Indians fled. Later advices report the defeat of the troops, with a loss of thirty men. The Indians are said to have killed every man on Salmon River, but they did not hurt the women and children.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN WAR: Contrary to Turkish reports of the junction of the two Turkish armies in Montenegro, the London *Times's* Cettinje correspondent, in a telegram dated June 21, says: "Relative to the Turkish defeat near Spuz, later accounts show there never was a worse panic, a more disastrous rout known in the annals of war between Turkey and Montenegro. It was only the artillery of the forts that saved the Turkish army from complete destruction. The Turkish dead can not be counted, because they lie along the plain nearly up to Spuz, and the artillery of the city prevents approach. General Petrovics reports about 1000 dead within the ground recovered by the Montenegrins. The spirits of the people are very high here. It is confidently believed that Suleiman will be driven back to Nicsics." A Mostar telegram of the 19th says that fighting has proceeded uninterruptedly, night and day, and that the Turks have not gained a foot.—In the British House of Commons, on the 19th, Mr. Bourke, speaking for the government, said it was not true that the Porte had refused the request of Mr. Layard, the British ambassador at Constantinople, to permit the neutralization of the Suez Canal, for the simple reason that such a request had never been made.—The first open field conflict between the Turks and Russians in Armenia took place on the 15th and 16th of June at Zeidikan, a point twelve miles from Toprak Kaleh, between Bayazid and Erzerum. The Turks had 8000 infantry, with but little or no cavalry, and were commanded by Mehemet. The Russians were led by Lieutenant-General Tergukassoff, and numbered 10,000 infantry and a force of cavalry. After nearly two days of fighting, the Russians, by detaching a strong body, turned the Turkish right flank, seized a commanding hill, and quickly threw up breastworks, and there established four field-guns, which enabled them to rake almost the entire front of the Turkish line. From this moment the losses of the latter were serious. Their men fell rapidly. Their artillery was dislodged, and the infantry exposed without support to a murderous fire. For over twenty minutes the Ottomans stood before this new attack, and at this crisis Mehemet fell. To increase the difficulties, ammunition fell short. At ten o'clock the height which the Turks held at the opening of the battle was no longer tenable, and by midnight the last Turk was driven off. A cavalry charge followed, converting defeat into rout.—Sixty Turks landed near Kalarash on the night of the 20th. They were attacked by Russians, and were nearly all killed or wounded in an obstinate fight.—On the 21st, there was heavy cannonading between Widdin and Kalafat.—The Russian government has purchased the great Krupp gun which was made for the Philadelphia Exhibition.

The French Chamber of Deputies, on June 19, strongly censured the De Broglie ministry, by a vote of 363 to 153. In the Senate, on the 20th, M. Depeyre, a member of the Right, read the report of the bureaus, concluding in favor of the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies. In the course of the discussion of the report, on the 21st, M. Jules Simon spoke in justification of the late ministry. The real cause of its fall, he said, was that it had been in harmony with the republican majority. The Duc de Broglie demonstrated that the proposal for dissolution was not contrary to the Constitution. He said, "President M'Mahon is in harmony with the tendencies of the majority of the Senate. Do not abandon him." On the 22d, the Senate decreed dissolution by a vote of 150 to 130.

In the British House of Lords, on the 18th, the government was again defeated on the Burials Bill. The Earl of Harrowby moved that where friends of a deceased person object to the Church of England service, they may dispense with it or substitute other service, even though the deceased is buried in a church-yard. The Duke of Richmond, Lord President of the Council, said he would meet the motion with a decided negative, as it would operate very unjustly on the clergy. The motion, however, passed by 127 to 111. It is to be noted that 11,345 clergymen recently signed a protest against Lord Harrowby's motion. On the 21st, the government withdrew the bill.


THE COMPANY'S DOCK.
1871
TUNNEL FROM DOCK
KILLING.
CLEANING.
ICE HOUSE.
RENDERING ROOM.
SACKING FOR SHIPMENT.
EXPORTATION.

THE MANHATTAN ABATTOIR.—From Sketches by V. L. Kingsbury.—[See Page 530.]

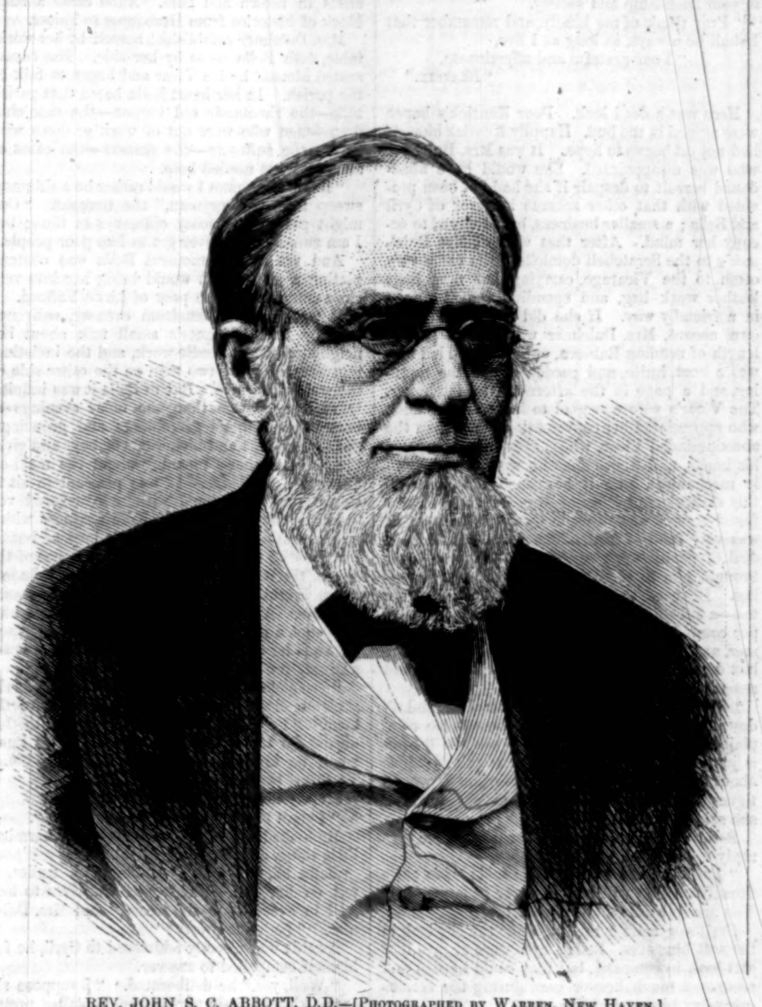
REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, D.D.

The Rev. John S. C. Abbott, whose portrait accompanies this article, died at his residence in Fair Haven, June 17, after a lingering illness. As a popular historian he probably ranked second to no one in the United States.

Mr. Abbott was one of five sons, three of whom have left a remarkable impress on the age and nation. The oldest, Mr. Jacob Abbott, may be regarded almost as the creator of juvenile literature in this country. His "Rollo" books are still without a peer in their peculiar department; his "Harper's Story-Books" and his "Red Histories" (to which latter series Mr. John S. C. Abbott also contributed) are a permanent classic; and his *Young Christian* has been published in almost every European language, and in some heathen dialects, we believe. Mr. Gorham Abbott was a pioneer in the work of female education, and the now defunct "Spingler Institute" became the model of other more adequately endowed, and therefore longer-lived, institutions. Mr. Charles and Mr. Samuel Abbott are less widely known, but each of them rendered good service to the work of education by his remarkably successful school for boys. Two only of the five brothers are still living—Charles and Jacob; Samuel died some thirty years ago, Gorham about two years since.

The father, Jacob Abbott, a citizen of Maine, where the boys spent their boyhood, was a Puritan of the very noblest type—a man of the most unbending conscience, tempered with the most genial sympathy and the largest love. He had, said one of his old friends, "a remarkable talent for being happy;" and this talent descended to his children. He was an agent for large landowners in the forests of Maine, and became in time a large owner himself, and to the present day the name of "old Squire Abbott" is held in affectionate reverence by the children of the men with whom he had to deal. The mother had a rich and strong and happy religious faith. To her, death had never any terrors; she looked to it through years of feeble health as a summons to her Father's home; and to the influence of her example Mr. Abbott attributed his own happy thoughts of death and the life beyond.

In Hallowell, where the earlier years of the boy were spent, was an English family by the name of Vaughan, into which his brother, Mr. Jacob Abbott, afterward married. In the Vaughan mansion was what was in those days a magnificent library of ten or twelve thousand volumes, which was placed at the service of the Abbott boys. The opportunity was appreciated and used, and to this circumstance may be perhaps attributed the literary tastes and capabilities of later years. John was, however, no bookworm. He thoroughly enjoyed the sports of his time, and was a favorite leader among his associates. In his reminiscences, penned—or rather penciled—on his sick-bed, he gives a graphic account of his exploits in building snow forts and excavating snow caves in the mammoth drifts of the Maine winters.



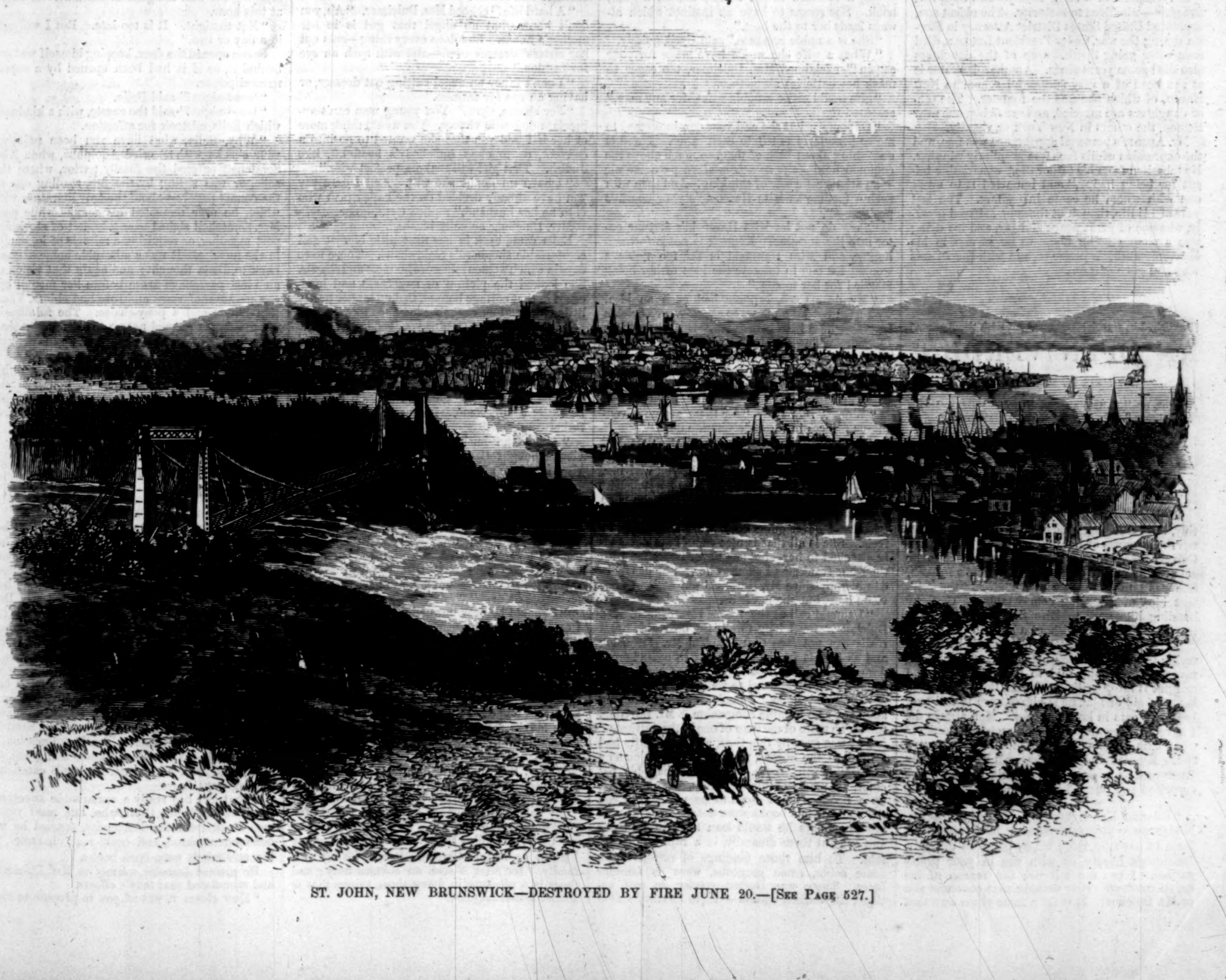
REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, D.D.—[Photographed by Warren, New Haven.]

The father had the Puritan ambition to give his boys a complete education; and this included, according to the ideas of those times, a course in theology as well as in secular learning. So he sent them all through college and the theological seminary, leaving them to take what profession in after-life they might choose or Providence might open to them.

Mr. John Abbott was fitted by his native constitution for the office of a minister, and was perhaps the only one of the brothers who was so specially fitted. He had by nature a rare command of language; he was a natural rhetorician; he was a remarkable word-painter; he was a born advocate; he was an enthusiast in whatever he believed or whatever he undertook. He was therefore from the first a remarkably popular preacher, at a time when the power of the painter and the language of feeling were not so common in the pulpit as they are in our day. His first parish was one of the largest and most important in New England, outside of Boston—that of Worcester, Massachusetts; and he left it to occupy successively that of Nantucket, at that time one of the largest and most flourishing communities in the State, and that of Roxbury, a growing suburb of Boston.

Meantime he had drifted into literature in a singular way. He had organized a Maternal Association in his first parish, and to it he delivered a course of familiar lectures on the duties of mothers. These, after their delivery, he put into a little book, which a Boston publisher accepted from the unknown author with some hesitation. But the book was small, the season was dull, the risk was light, and the volume was printed. This was the now famous *Mother at Home.* It had just those qualities of simplicity of expression, intense practicality of suggestion, and warmth of feeling which conspire to make both useful and successful literature. The unpretending little treatise was straightway republished in England, and thereafter successively in most of the European languages. In Calcutta, in Athens, in Constantinople, even in Africa, the number of copies printed is unknown, but it is simply prodigious.

While Mr. John Abbott was thus successfully pursuing the double work of pastor and author, his elder brother, also a successful author, had established the famous Mount Vernon School in Boston. The underlying principle of this school was that pupils could be better governed by the moral force of reason than by fear and coercion. So fully was this principle carried out that there were absolutely no rules in the school except those which the pupils made for themselves, and no other restraint than such as the school, as a well-regulated community, exercised over itself. The success was so great that the four brothers, Jacob, John, Gorham, and Charles, resolved to unite in establishing a similar school on a larger scale, and selected for the field of their operations the city of New York. This was over forty years ago, and at that time the Turkish idea of female education was not eliminated from American society. Is it even yet? The brothers entered upon what seemed to others a hazardous experiment. Their earnestness and the fundamentally correct principles which underlay their plan made the school from the first a success. There



ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK—DESTROYED BY FIRE JUNE 20.—[See Page 527.]

is probably to-day in this city no school for young ladies where such large liberty is enjoyed as was possessed by the pupils in the Abbott school; and we believe that we are perfectly safe in saying that it was never in a single instance abused. The scholars had the confidence of their teachers, and, partly as a consequence, the teachers had the affection of their scholars.

But Jacob and John could not escape the fascinations of literature; Gorham withdrew to establish a separate school; John began his famous history of Napoleon, in *Harper's Magazine*, and becoming more and more interested in it, left the school to devote himself to its completion, and the school was discontinued in the midst of its prosperity.

From that time the life of Mr. John S. C. Abbott has been not, indeed, a quiet one, but an uneventful one. He has always been fond of change, and it is only in the latter years of his life that he has had a permanent home. While chiefly known to the public as a writer of popular history, he has been during most of the time a successful preacher and pastor. He has spent the week in his historical studies and writing, and has gone into the pulpit on the Sabbath and preached; always to full churches, but always extemporaneously, from his abundant treasures. His career in this respect has illustrated the truth that the true pulpit preparation is not that of the week, but that of the whole life. He has found an especial delight in taking parishes which were, from one reason or another, in a somewhat typhoidal condition, and building them up again, to leave them, as soon as they were really able to support a competent pastor, to the care of successors. He has thus served successively five different parishes, which owe their present prosperity largely to his labors.

As an author, Mr. Abbott's most important works have been *The Mother at Home*, *The Child at Home*; the histories of *Napoleon Bonaparte*, the *French Revolution*, the *Civil War*, and *Frederick the Great*; his contributions to the "Red Histories," the "American Pioneers and Patriots," and a series of State histories. But these are only a small proportion of his actual contributions to the literature of the age. Other histories hold a higher place in the great libraries, but the works of no other historian have been more widely read or more truly useful. This is not the place for a literary *critique* on his works. But this may be said, that while no other historian has been more severely and even savagely criticised, few errors have been ever detected in his narratives. No work was ever subjected to a severer scrutiny than his *Napoleon Bonaparte*; but while his arguments were assailed, and even his motives were called in question at the time, only one considerable error was detected in any statement of fact, and that in a matter of unimportant detail. While, too, he is not a preacher in his books, he never ceases to be a Christian, and the religious spirit, though never offensively prominent, is never absent.

Mr. Abbott had a large family—two boys and five girls—who lived to maturity. The oldest son, appointed United States District Attorney in Florida during the war, under President Lincoln, died soon after going South. One of the daughters also died some years since. Another daughter is at the head of a very successful school in New Haven, of which she was the founder. The other daughters are married, and are living, one near Boston, the others in New York or vicinity.

Mr. Abbott's personal appearance was fine, and the expression of his face was peculiarly winning. He inherited from his father the "remarkable talent for being happy," and imparted it to every one with whom he came in contact. The last year of his life, though at times he suffered greatly, was one of great peace and joy, and his dying was a simple going home to be at rest in his Heavenly Father's presence, and with the friends who had gone before.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

BELLA IN SEARCH OF A MISSION.

While taking charge of Bella Scratchell's destiny, Mrs. Dulcimer's busy mind had not forgotten the interests of her older protégé, Sir Kenrick Culverhouse, whose mortgaged estate was to be set free by means of Beatrix Harefield's fortune. She was quite pleased with herself for the brilliant idea of disposing comfortably of Cyril by handing him over to Miss Scratchell, and thus leaving Sir Kenrick without a rival in the field.

"That foolish husband of mine would have been trying to make a match between Beatrix and his favorite Cyril," she said to herself. "But if I can put it into Cyril's head that Bella Scratchell is very fond of him, he is almost sure to fall over head and ears in love with her. Men always do. I have not forgotten Benedick and Beatrice."

All Mrs. Dulcimer's good intents with regard to Sir Kenrick and the mortgages were suddenly frustrated by a letter from Beatrix which at once surprised and puzzled her.

"Dearest Mrs. Dulcimer,—My father has forbidden me to visit your pleasant house any more. I am to have no more happy hours in dear Mr. Dulcimer's library, or with you in your pretty garden. I can not tell you the reason of his harsh conduct. It is nothing that concerns you or Mr. Dulcimer. It is for a fault of my own that I am henceforward denied the happiness I found in your friendship and society.

"Pray think of me kindly, and remember that I shall be always, as long as I live,

"Your grateful and affectionate,

"Beatrix."

Here was a dead lock. Poor Kenrick's hopes were nipped in the bud. Happily Kenrick himself had not yet begun to hope. It was Mrs. Dulcimer who was disappointed. She would have abandoned herself to despair if she had not been provided with that other scheme in favor of Cyril and Bella; a smaller business, but it served to occupy her mind. After that visit of Mrs. Dulcimer's to the Scratchell domicile, Bella came very often to the Vicarage, carrying her neat little leather work-bag, and spending the afternoon in a friendly way. If she did not come of her own accord, Mrs. Dulcimer would even go the length of sending Rebecca, or that useful lad who was a boot, knife, and garden boy in the morning, and a page in the afternoon, to fetch her. The Vicar's wife was glad to have a companion who appreciated her conversation better than the absent-minded Vicar, whose eyes were always on his books, and whose answers were too obviously mechanical. So it happened that, through this skillful contriving of Mrs. Dulcimer's, Bella found herself very often in Cyril's society. Cyril was very fond of Mr. Dulcimer, and had a good deal of parish work to discuss with him. This brought him to the Vicarage nearly every evening. He used to drop in at the fag-end of the tea—a substantial meal, which was tea and supper combined—and take his place by Mrs. Dulcimer, at a corner of the tray, just in time for the last decent cup of tea, as the Vicar's wife would remark, plaintively.

"Why don't you come at seven o'clock, and sit down with us in a sociable manner," she complained, "instead of coming in when the tea-pot is just exhausted? Bella has been quite anxious about you. 'I'm sure Mr. Culverhouse overfatigues himself in his devotion to his parish work,' she said just now."

Bella blushed, and turned her pretty blue eyes shyly upon the curate.

"And I am sure you do," she said; "it's quite dreadful. You will have a fever or something. You are so careless about your health."

Cyril saw neither the blush nor the shy look in the soft blue eyes. Bella's eyes wore always that soft look in company, but they could harden and assume a much keener gaze during the serious every-day business of life.

"I never was ill in my life," said Cyril, in a provokingly matter-of-fact tone, not in the least touched by this feminine interest in his welfare.

It was very aggravating; but Benedick was so at first, Mrs. Dulcimer remembered.

"How much I miss Beatrix Harefield!" said the Vicar. "There is something original about that girl which always interested me; and then she has such a mind to appreciate books. I never saw so young a creature fasten as she did on a great book. She seems to have an instinct which always leads her to the best."

"She is a noble creature," said Cyril, quietly.

"What a wife she would have made for your cousin!" exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer, too eager to mask her batteries altogether.

"She would make a noble wife—for any man," assented Cyril.

"Of course; but she and your cousin seemed to me so peculiarly suited to each other. There is something about both of them so much above the common herd—a *je ne sais quoi*—a patrician air—an aristocratic way of thinking. And then with such a fortune as Miss Harefield's your cousin's position—"

"Pray do not let Miss Harefield's fortune enter into the question. Kenrick is not a fortune-hunter, and Miss Harefield is far too noble a woman for one to tolerate the idea of her being married for her money."

"My dear Cyril, I never had such an idea. You need not take me up so sharply. Kenrick a fortune-hunter! Of course not. But where these things combine— However, we need not dispute about it. That wretched Mr. Harefield is resolved to immure his daughter in that dreary old house of his. She is as badly off as a princess in a fairy tale."

"Worse," said Bella, "for there are no adventurous princes in these degenerate days."

"How does she bear this cruel treatment?" asked Cyril, looking at Bella for the first time since he had shaken hands with her on arriving. "You see her often, don't you, Miss Scratchell?"

"Two or three times a week. But she is so reserved—even with me, though we are such old friends—I never quite know what she thinks or feels. She is all that is nice—and I am devotedly attached to her—but she never treats me with the same frankness I show to her. She has looked unhappy since Mr. Harefield put a stop to her visits here, but she never complains."

"I should call at the Water House," said Mrs. Dulcimer, "for I long to see the dear girl, but I really can not face that dreadful Mr. Harefield; and as he has forbidden Beatrix to come here, I dare say he would not allow her to see me. I wonder you are allowed to visit her, Bella."

"Oh," said Bella, "I don't count. I am only admitted as a humble companion. Mr. Harefield thinks no more of me than of one of the servants."

Tea was over by this time, and the family had retired to the library, which was Mr. Dulcimer's favorite evening-room. There he had his pet chair, his reading table and lamp, and could take up a book or lay it down as he pleased. Even the backs of his books were dear to him. In his idler moments he would lean back in his chair and gaze at them dreamily, in a rapture of content. To him those bindings of various hues, some sober, some gorgeous, were as familiar faces. There was Burton yonder, in calf antique, the Oxford edition—there Southey's *Doctor* in crimson morocco—there the old dramatists in brown and gold. Anon came a solid block of histories from Herodotus to Thiers.

Mrs. Dulcimer established herself by her work-table, with Bella close by her side. The curate seated himself by his Vicar and began to talk of the parish. In her heart Bella hated that parish talk—the rheumatic old women—the sick children—men who were out of work or down with fever—the sufferers—the sinners—the cases of all kinds that needed help.

"If I were a man I would rather be a chimney-sweep than a clergyman," she thought. "One might get to like sooty chimneys in time; but I am sure I could never get to like poor people."

And yet at that moment Bella was contemplating a step which would bring her into very close contact with the poor of Little Yafford.

It was a quite humdrum evening, enlivened only by Mrs. Dulcimer's small talk about her neighbors or her needle-work, and the indistinct murmurs of those two men on the other side of the wide old hearth. But to Bella it was infinitely more agreeable than the noisy evenings at home—her father's grumblings and growlings, the squabblings and bickerings of boys and girls, the house-mother's moaning about the maid-of-all-work's misdoings. It was pleasant to sit in this pretty room, lined with many-colored volumes, all kept with an exquisite neatness which was a feature in Mr. Dulcimer's love of books. The glow of the fire, the subdued radiance of the lamps, the rich dark red of the curtains, made a warm brightness unknown in those bare rooms at home. And every now and then Bella's blue eyes shot a glance at the curate's earnest face, or, when he was most occupied, dwelt upon it admiringly for a few moments.

"Ten o'clock!" exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer, as the skeleton clock on the chimney-piece chimed the hour. "I wouldn't make your poor dear mother uneasy for the world, Bella dear. Cyril, I know you'll be kind enough to see Bella safe home. You pass her door, you know."

Mr. Culverhouse knew it perfectly.

"I shall be very happy," he said, kindly.

He looked with favor on Bella—as a harmless little thing, and Beatrix's friend.

Bella slipped away, beaming with smiles, to put on her hat. "That girl contrives to look well in every thing she wears," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "Isn't she pretty?"

As this was directly addressed to Cyril, he felt himself compelled to answer.

"Well, yes," he deliberated. "I suppose she is the kind of little person usually called pretty. Pink and white prettiness."

"Pink and white!" cried Mrs. Dulcimer; "you might say as much as that of a wax doll. Bella's complexion is as delicate as Dresden china."

"Don't be angry with me, Mrs. Dulcimer, but I must confess I hate Dresden china," said Cyril, laughing. "But I like Miss Scratchell," he added, hastily, "because she seems good and amiable, and must have a hard life with all those brothers and sisters."

"A hard life!" echoed Mrs. Dulcimer. "Ah, you don't know what an angel that girl is in her mother's house. She does every thing—cuts out her sisters' dresses even—and with such an eye for fashion."

"I can't fancy an angel cutting out dresses, or having an eye for fashion."

"For shame, Cyril. You young men can't appreciate domestic virtues. You would think more of her if I told you that she wanted to go into a convent, or to chop somebody's head off, like Judith. That girl will make a perfect wife."

"I have no doubt she will. And I dare say you have already decided on the happy man who is to be her husband," replied Cyril, innocently.

Mrs. Dulcimer actually blushed.

Bella came back in her neat little bonnet and comfortable shepherd's plaid shawl. Those were days in which women still wore bonnets and shawls. She looked the picture of sweetness and innocence in that cottage bonnet, tied under her pretty little chin, and surrounding her face like a halo.

"I am so sorry to trouble you," she said, as she walked away from the Vicarage, with her hand on Cyril's arm.

"It is not the least trouble, but a pleasure to be of use to you."

"You are much too good. But I am going to be really troublesome. I want to make you my father confessor."

"About the husband Mrs. Dulcimer has in view," thought Cyril, expecting to be made adviser in a love affair.

"Indeed," he said, kindly. "I am sure you can have nothing very appalling to confess. And if my advice can be of any use to you it is entirely at your service."

"How kind you are!" exclaimed Bella. "I wonder sometimes that you can find so much kindness for every one—that you can sympathize with so many—that you are never worn out or impatient, or—"

"I should be very unworthy of my vocation if I could be so easily wearied," said Cyril, stopping this discursive gush of laudation. "But I am waiting to hear your confession."

"I hardly know how to begin," faltered Bella. "But—Yes. I must say so. Your sermons have awakened my conscience. I think it must have been cold and dead till you came to us. But you have taught me to consider things more deeply. I see what an empty and useless life I am leading—"

"Why, Mrs. Dulcimer has just been praising your usefulness," said Cyril, kindly, a kindness that fluttered Bella's heart with baseless hopes. "She has been telling me how much you do for your mother and sisters."

"Oh yes," replied Bella, carelessly, "of course I try to be useful at home. I work for my own family. But that is such an obvious duty; and there is a pleasure in doing those things that is almost self-indulgence."

What a different story Adolphus and Bertie could have told about Bella's black looks when she had to sew on buttons for them!

"What I should like would be to do some good for the poor—those wretched creatures for whom you do so much. My mornings are all occupied in teaching; but I have my afternoons to myself, and I think I could spend three afternoons a week if you could show me how I could be useful—in visiting and reading, or teaching the children."

"You are very good," said Cyril, thoughtfully, "and I like you for having such a thought. But I really don't know what to say. I have several kind ladies who help me."

"Who run after you, you should say," thought Bella, savagely. "Forward minxes!"

"And really I hesitate at the idea of withdrawing you from a home in which you are so useful. For, after all, your mother, with her numerous family, has as much need of sympathy—"

"As those horrid old rheumatic women," thought Bella. "I should think so, indeed."

"In short, my dear Miss Scratchell, your present life seems to me so usefully and wisely employed, that I can hardly bring myself to propose any alteration."

"Perhaps you think that I should be of no use in the parish work," suggested Bella.

"Believe me, no. Indeed, I think, with your taste and handiness and industrious habits, you might be of much use. The poor are often sadly deficient in taste and neatness and the power to make the best of things. If you could go among the younger people and show them how to be neat and tasteful in their homes and in their dress, to make the best of their small resources, to cultivate the beauty of cleanliness and tidiness; if you could show them how much beauty there is to be got out of the simplest things; in a word, if you could elevate their taste," said Mr. Culverhouse, with vague yearnings after sweetness and light—"yes, I am sure you could be useful as an apostle of the beautiful."

Bella's face crimsoned with a happy blush. Her whole being thrilled with triumph. She took this as a compliment to herself. He thought her beautiful. Mrs. Dulcimer was right. He loved her, and in good time would tell her of his love.

"Tell me where to go, and what to do," she said, in a voice that trembled with joyful feeling.

"I will make out a list of people. I shall not send you among the very poor, or to those who would pester you for money. I will send you into homes where there are young people, where sympathy and kindly interest in small things will be of use."

"A thousand thanks!" cried Bella. "I shall feel so much happier when I know that I have a little share in the work you do so nobly. Here we are at home. Will you come in and see papa?"

She devoutly hoped that he would decline, knowing too well the general untidiness of home at this hour.

"Not to-night. It is too late. But I will call in a day or two."

Bertie opened the door, keeping himself wedged behind it, as if it had been opened by a supernatural power.

"Good-night!" said Bella.

"Good-night!" said the curate, with a kindness which Bella mistook for affection.

"Why, Bella, what have you been painting your cheeks with?" cried Adolphus, when Miss Scratchell entered the family parlor, where the solicitor was sitting by the fire, reading one of the county papers—about the only literature with which he ever recreated his mind—while poor Mrs. Scratchell sighed over a basket of stockings past mending, or requiring a miracle of ingenuity in the mender. It was a miserable home to come back to, Bella thought; and again that vision of an ideal parsonage arose before her mental eye—a paradise of roses and rose-bud chintz, Venetian blinds and a pony-chaise. The fulfillment of that dream seemed nearer to her to-night than when first Mrs. Dulcimer conjured up the delightful picture.

"He seemed pleased with my offer to visit his tiresome poor people," thought Bella, as she brushed her soft auburn locks. "It will bring us more together, perhaps, and—if he really cares for me, that will please him."

CHAPTER XII.

"OH, THINKEST THOU WE SHALL EVER MEET AGAIN?"

Bella's hopes were realized insomuch that her offer to visit his cottagers certainly did bring her more directly in contact with Mr. Culverhouse than she had ever been yet. From that hour Cyril became friendly and confidential; he had found some one besides the Vicar and Mrs. Dulcimer to whom he could talk about his poor parishioners, their wants, their virtues, and their vices. He found Bella full of sympathy. She took up her new work with ardor. She made friends wherever she went. His people were full of her praises. Perhaps, if Cyril's heart had been free, he might have obliged Mrs. Dulcimer by falling in love with her latest protégée. There was something so nice about Bella Scratchell—a winning softness, a gentle submission to other people, a kittenish sleekness and grace, accompanied with all a petted kitten's caressing, purring ways.

"That girl has really a remarkable sweetness of character," said Cyril, who, like most young men fresh from the University, fancied he understood mankind, and could read character, as if men's minds were open books.

He praised Isabella warmly to Mrs. Dulcimer, and stimulated that lady's efforts.

"How clever it was of you to propose to visit the poor!" said the Vicar's wife to Bella, approvingly. "Just the very thing to please him."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Dulcimer, I hope you don't think I did it on that account!" cried Bella, with a shocked look. "It is a real pleasure to me to be of some little use. When I see how good you and Mr. Dulcimer are—"

"Oh, my dear, I'm afraid I don't go among the poor as much as I ought. Anxious as I am to do good, I don't get on with them as well as Clement does. I can't help telling them when I see things going wrong, and trying to set them in the right way. And they resent that. One must look on and smile as if every thing was right—dirt, muddle, extravagance, every thing. It is too trying for any one with an energetic temper. I'm sure only the other day I said to Maria Bowes, whom I've known all my life, 'If I were you, Maria, I'd try to have your keeping-room a little neater, and a few flowers in the window, and the hearth always swept up. It would be so much nicer for Bowes when he comes home from his work.' 'I dare say I should have it so if I'd three women-servants, and a boy to clean up after them,' she answered, quite impertinently, 'and if my keeping-room wasn't kitchen and chamber too.' 'Do you mean to say that I keep too many servants, Maria?' I said. 'No, ma'am,' she answered; 'but I mean that gentlefolks can't tell how difficult poor folks find it to cook a bit of victuals and keep their children from getting ragged without fiddle-faddling with cleaning up a place that's no sooner cleaned than it's mucked again.'"

"I can pity her, poor wretch," said Bella, "for it's like that with us at home, though we make believe to think ourselves gentlefolks. It's as much as mother can do to keep things together anyhow, and every Saturday night is a struggle to get the children's clothes decent for Sunday. Mother and I often sit up till after twelve o'clock sewing on buttons and darning stockings."

"Ah, what a wife you will make, Bella!" exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer, as if a wife's one duty were the repair of her husband's garments.

The woods were growing browner, the moorland grayer. The mists of chill November crept up from the valley and hung upon the hill-side. The river was half hidden under a silvery veil on those dim November afternoons. An autumnal tranquillity hung over the sombre old Water House. The dahlias and hollyhocks were dead, the chrysanthemums were fading; autumn primroses showed pale in quiet nooks of the garden, and along by the old-fashioned borders stole the welcome odor of late violets.

How often Cyril Culverhouse lingered on the old Roman bridge to look at the house which held the one woman he loved! The entrance tower and a row of fine old yew-trees hid the river walk from him, or he might have seen Beatrix pacing slowly up and down in melancholy solitude.

She had not answered his letter, but he had received a brief note from Mr. Harefield:

"Sir,—I have delivered your letter to my daughter unread. I hope the next two years will bring her wisdom.

"Yours obediently,
"Christian Harefield."

Cyril had questioned Bella Scratchell more than once about her friend, without betraying the warmth of his interest in Beatrix.

"Yes, she is very dull, poor thing," said Bella. "I am more sorry for her than I can say. I go there as often as I can, and do what I can to cheer her. But Beatrix was never a cheerful girl, you know, and she gets graver and more silent every day. Miss Scales is quite anxious about her, and wants her to take bark."

"I doubt if bark is a cure for an unhappy home," said Cyril.

"No, if you call her home unhappy. But really she has every thing a girl could wish. Handsome old rooms to herself—no disorder—no noisy brothers upsetting every thing. She has her books, and a governess who adores her, a fine old garden beautifully kept, a pony-carriage, a horse to ride."

"Unfortunately those things won't make youth happy," answered the curate. "They might be sufficient for happiness at the end of life, they are not enough for it at the beginning."

"I know that life is a very different thing without them," sighed Bella.

"Would you change places with Miss Harefield?" asked Cyril.

Bella blushed, and cast down her eyes.

"No," she said, softly.

She meant that she would not barter her hope of Cyril's love for the advantages of Beatrix Harefield's position, though she had seen the advantages with the eye of envy ever since those childish days in which she first became Miss Harefield's playfellow.

One afternoon, toward the close of November, Cyril was returning from a tramp across the moor. He had been to a distant village to visit the ailing married daughter of one of his parishioners, who had fancied that a visit from the kind curate would do her sick daughter more good than "doctor's stuff." It was a clear afternoon, a yellow sunset brightening the western horizon. This long lonely walk had given him much time for thought, and he had been thinking of Beatrix all the way. She was so much in his thoughts that, although he had had no hope of meeting her, it seemed scarcely strange to him when he heard the muffled sound of hoofs upon the short grass, and, looking round, saw her riding toward him at a fast canter.

What was he to do? He had promised to hold himself aloof from her. He was neither to see nor write to her during the two years of probation. He had made up his mind that she would pass him at that flying pace; that he would see the slim figure—erect in the saddle, firmly seated as an Arab on his loosely held courser—flash by him like a vision of pride and beauty, and be gone. He stood bare-headed to see her pass, expecting to receive no more notice than a bow, or doubtful even whether she would see him, when she pulled her horse almost on his haunches, wheeled round, and met him face to face.

"How lucky!" she cried, flushing with delight. "I have been dying to see you. I thought I could not be mistaken when I saw your figure in the distance, and I rode after you."

She slipped lightly out of the saddle, and stood beside him, bridle in hand, the petted horse rubbing his velvet nose against her shoulder.

"William is half a mile behind," she said. "He's on one of papa's old hunters. Don't you hear him?"

A distant noise like the puffing of a steam-engine announced the groom's approach.

"Cyril," cried Beatrix, "are you as glad to see me as I am to see you?"

"It is more than gladness that I feel, dear," he answered, clasping her hands, and looking earnestly at the expressive face which had faded to a sickly pallor after the flush of joy; "but, my dearest, how ill you are looking, how changed—"

"Oh, I have been miserable," she said, impetuously—"simply miserable! I miss you every day in the week, every hour in the day. I did not see you very often, did I? And yet, now that I am forbidden to go to the Vicarage, it seems as if my life had been spent in your society. Oh, you have work to do—you have noble ideas to fill your mind! How can you tell the blankness of a woman's life, parted from all she loves?"

"My darling, it is not for life—it is only for a little while."

"A little while!" she cried, impatiently. "A day is an age when one is miserable. I wake every morning—oh, so early!—and see the dreary gray light, and say to myself, 'What does it matter? night and day are alike to me. I shall not see him.' Cyril, why did you write me that cruel letter?"

The groom had ridden up by this time on his roaring hunter, and was standing at a respectable distance, wondering what his young mistress could have to say to the curate, and why she had dismounted in order to say it.

"My own love, how could I write otherwise? I promised your father that for two years I would respect his desires; that I would counsel you to no act of disobedience till you were old enough to take the full measure of your acts—till time had changed impulse into conviction. How could I have written otherwise than as I did?"

"You could have said, 'Defy your father, as I do; laugh to scorn the loss of fortune, as I do. Be my wife. We shall be very poor, perhaps, for the first few years; but Heaven will take care of us as the ravens cared for Elijah.' That is how you ought to have written to me."

He was sorely tempted by her—tempted to take her to his heart that moment, to rain kisses on the sweet pale face that he had never kissed, to mount her on her lively young bay horse, and steal the groom's hunter for himself, and ride off to the Scottish border with her, and be married by the unlearned priest of Gretna, who was still plying his profitable trade. Never was man more tempted. But he had given his promise, and meant to keep it.

"Two years hence, my dearest, please God, I will have a home for you that shall not mean absolute poverty. I can not break my word, love. We must wait till you are one-and-twenty. It is not a long time."

"It would not seem long if my father had been reasonable—if he had not forbidden me to see you or write to you. Cyril," she said, looking at him with sudden intensity, "is it a sin to wish for the death of any one?"

"My dear one, you must know that it is—a deadly sin. 'Whoso hateth his brother is a murderer.'"

"I do not hate my father; but sometimes I find myself thinking of what would happen if he were to die. I should be free—rich. I could give you my fortune. You could lavish it all on acts of charity and beneficence. We would live like poor people; we would devote our lives to doing good; we would show the world how a parish priest and his wife ought to live."

"Beatrix, pray continually against wicked thoughts. There could be no deadlier sin than to desire your father's death. God forbid that you should fall into it! I have never sighed for wealth, nor do I believe that a man's opportunities for doing good depend upon the length of his purse. For one man who will find will and energy, patience and perseverance, to help his fellow-men, there are a hundred ready to give their money. No, dear love, we can be happy without your father's wealth. We should be no happier for his death. We have but to be true to each other, and all will be well."

The groom came up to remind his mistress that the short day was closing, and that the moor-land road was dangerous after dark.

"God bless you, dearest, and good-by," said Cyril.

"Oh, why are you in such haste to get rid of me?" she cried, impatiently, in French, the groom standing close by, ready to lift her on to her horse. "It may be ages before we meet again. You talked in that cruel letter of leaving Little Yafford. When is that to be?"

"I have taken no step yet. This place is dear to me. But I shall leave soon after Christmas, if I can do so without inconvenience to the Vicar."

"I shall feel just a shade more miserable when you are gone," said Beatrix.

She put her slim arched foot upon William's broad palm, and sprang lightly into her saddle. She had been a good horsewoman from her childhood, ponies and horses being one of the few indulgences of her solitary life.

Cyril watched her as she rode slowly down the hill, looking back at him now and then forlornly, as from the vessel that was carrying her into exile. His heart bled for her; but the idea that she had calculated the possibilities that hung upon her father's death, that she had even sinned so deeply as to wish him dead, haunted him painfully.

Was there a strain of hardness in this impetuous nature—a flaw in this gem which he had hitherto counted peerless? Well, she was not perfect, perhaps. His creed taught him that there was no soul so pure but on its virgin whiteness showed some dark blot of sin. And she had been hardly treated—held at arms-length by her father's coldness. She had been reared in a home unsanctified by affection.

He pleaded for her, and excused her in his own mind, and was full of sorrow for her.

But for him, as she had said, life was full of interest and action. For him two years seemed a little while.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The United States Fish Commission is now engaged in the vigorous prosecution of measures looking toward the stocking of the United States with shad and other useful food fishes. The present centre of operations in shad hatching is at Havre de Grace, Maryland, and shipments of the young fish are continually made to different parts of the country, in addition to the introduction of a large percentage of the stock into the Susquehanna River, in which it is assisted by the Maryland Fish Commission.

Among the places where deposits of the young fish have already been made may be mentioned St. Louis, Missouri; Sterling, Kentucky; Montgomery, Alabama; Macon and Milledgeville, Georgia; the Potomac River at Washington, etc.

Mr. George Cross, a member of the Chester Natural History Society, died on the 16th of April, at the age of forty. Although not a specialist in any branch, his general knowledge of science, and his efficiency as a teacher of the classes formed in Chester under the government Science and Art Department, rendered his name well known in England.

The annual report made at the forty-eighth annual meeting of the Zoological Society of London, held in April last, shows a membership of 3311, a considerable increase over that of 1876. The income of the society in 1876 was £34,955, an increase over that of 1875 of £216. The total number of visitors to the garden in 1876 was 915,764, exceeding by nearly 200,000 the largest attendance of any previous year. The whole number of animals in the collection amounted to 2265. It will be interesting to make a comparison between these returns and those of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia, recently published among the Scientific Intelligence of the *Weekly*.

An interesting relationship has been pointed out by Mr. Poliakof between the present state of civilization of the Ostiaks of the Obi and that of the prehistoric inhabitants of the reindeer period of France and Middle Europe; their utensils and implements, almost exactly resembling those of the stone period and the islands of the Pacific, being made exclusively of stone, of teeth and claws of bears, and of bone, and their clothes being either furs or woven from nettle filaments.

The recent explorations, under the direction of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, near Zeiselberg, in a diluvial formation of loess, covering the tertiary of the Vienna Basin, have resulted in some extremely interesting discoveries showing the existence of mankind at that period. These evidences consist of quantities of charcoal, worked bones, flint implements, etc. There were also indications of the existence at this epoch of numerous animals, such as the bear, horse, mammoth, ox, reindeer, rhinoceros, and wolf.

The Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1876, under the editorship of Professor Baird, has just made its appearance from the press of Harper & Brothers. This volume, like its predecessors, contains a summary of the progress of science in its different departments during the year, prepared by such specialists as Professor Abbe, for meteorology; Professor Holden, for astronomy; Professor Barker, for chemistry and physics; Professor Dana, for mineralogy; Professor Hunt, for geology; Professor Mason, for anthropology; Lieutenant-Commander Green, of the navy, for geography; Professors Gill and Packard, for zoology; Dr. Farlow, for botany; Professor Atwater, for agriculture; and Dr. William H. Wahl, for engineering, mechanics, etc.

In addition to these summaries, there is a series of abstracts of the more important scientific memoirs, edited by the same gentlemen, a necrology, and a list of the principal scientific works published during the year throughout the world, with other features of interest.

Professor Cope has recently published a paper on the fossil fishes, in which he proposes a number of necessary modifications of the system as left by Agassiz in the "Poissons Fossiles." He indorses the views of various naturalists that the class or subclass Ganoidea of that author consists of heterogeneous materials, which must be distributed in a number of subclasses. He recognizes four subclasses of *Pisces*, viz., the *Holocephali*, the *Dipnoi*, the *Selachii*, and the *Hyopomata*. The last named is proposed for that natural assemblage which possess a hyomandibular bone articulated with the cranium, a maxillary arch, and no median axis of the basal portion of either pectoral or ventral fins. Under this group he arranges three tribes, viz., the *Crossopterygia* (or *Ganoidea*), the *Chondrostei*, and the *Actinopteri*, the last made up of the *Teleostei* of Müller and a few recent and many extinct fishes referred by Agassiz and Müller to the Ganoidei. Professor Cope thinks that Huxley's suborder *Crossopterygia* is also a heterogeneous assemblage, many of the forms referred to it belonging to the *Dipnoi*, while others are true *Hyopomata*.

The fossil fishes referred to the *Actinopteri* were found to be most nearly related to the order *Isospondyli*, none of them presenting near affinities to *Lepidosteus*, so far as discoverable. An exception to this statement is the genus *Dorypterus*, which was regarded as typical of a new order presenting some relationship to Acunthoptrygian orders. The order was named the *Docopteri*. The fossil families referred to the *Isospondyli* are the *Sauropsidæ* (*Sauroidei*, pt. Agass.), *Lepidotidæ* (*Lepidoides*, Agass. pt.), *Pycnodontidæ* (*Pycnodontes*, Agass. pt.), and *Dupediidæ* (*Lepidoides*, Agass. pt.).

His excellency the Archbishop, Dr. Ludwig von Haynald, proposes to put up an observatory, at his own expense, at his residence in Kalocsa, Hungary, adjoining the Jesuit Gymnasium building. This observatory will be for the special use of the fathers professors of the order of Jesuits, who are here perfecting themselves in astronomy and mathematics, that they, as well as the students, may be enabled to carry on their studies with more profit and greater practical result.

The building is to include three revolving towers, a meridian-room, and various smaller apartments to serve as library, work-room, and for keeping the minor instruments which are seldom in use.

In the mean while, an order has been sent to John Browning, London, for a reflector with an aperture of ten and a quarter inches, with clock-work and several micrometers. Eventually a ten-prism spectroscope will be ordered.

There is a fine refractor already on hand, with an aperture of four inches, from G. & S. Merz, in Munich, mounted parallactically, with adjustment for latitude. In addition there have been ordered from T. Cooke & Son, York, England, a transit instrument and a pendulum clock, as well as a chronograph from Mayer & Wolf, in Vienna, and another pendulum clock with contact apparatus, and several smaller instruments. It is hoped to complete the building of the observatory in five or six months, so that it may be put to the use for which it is designed before the close of the year.

Professor N. P. Barbot-de-Marny, a Russian geologist of much prominence, died in May last. His labors were prosecuted in numerous provinces of Russia, especially along the railroads leading from Moscow. In 1874 he was a member of the Aral-Caspian expedition for the exploration of the Amu-Darya. He died at the age of forty-five.

The *Monthly Weather Review* of the Signal Service for April, recently published, mentions as among the noteworthy features for the month the severe storms off the Carolina coast from the 5th to the 14th, the general high temperature throughout the country, the excess of rain-fall in the South Atlantic States and Tennessee, the destructive hail-storms and tornadoes, the aurora of the 14th, visible from Dakota to Maine, and the partial destruction of the grasshoppers west of the Mississippi by cold weather and snow, showing that the eastward migrations of these insects are probably limited by the vicissitudes of the climate of the Mississippi Valley, whereby they are principally confined to the high, warm, and dry plains that are not frequently visited by late cold weather and snows.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Quite recently a good old colored man named Uncle Jim Hill set himself up as a phrenologist, and a barber was his first subject. He placed the barber on a chair, felt his head for a long time, and then remarked, "William, you is too sanguine. When you lend money, you expect it back. You is billous. You want to be honest, but you hasn't de necessary character; you isn't hopeful; you is bowed down with grief most ob de time; you has an ear for music; you has de worst feet on Kentucky Street; you is de right sort ob a man to wheel coal down hill for big wages." William rose up, pitched Uncle Jim over the stove and under the bed, and split a panel of the door as he went out. The aged phrenologist went the next evening to get advice from the police, and, when advised to go out of the trade, he replied, "Seems like I shall have to, for I's getting too aged to be frown over cook-stoves."

Servant (*answering door-bell rung by little ragged boy*). "Come, go right away; we have got nothing for you."

Boy. "Hain't asked you for nothin' yet, have I?"

Servant (*banteringly*). "Well, what would you have asked for?"

Boy. "Didn't know but this house was for sale, and if it was, I wanted to buy it."

A female from the country called for a Welsh rabbit at a Washington Street restaurant, and denounced the waiter because there was no part of a rabbit in the dish served. "And no later than yesterday," said the wearied waiter, "there was a man in here who growled because there was a hare in the butter: can't please 'em all, anyway."

"All the world's a stage," he ruminated, "and all the men and women merely players, and most of the plays are from Shakspeare, too! Before we were married, Julia and I played *Romeo and Juliet*, and now it's mostly *Tempest*."

A very bad Judge.—The man who tries his friends.

The Badges of these Men!—Beaux at Saratoga are called "parasol-holders."

"Grace before meat," as the young lady remarked when she laced herself so tight she couldn't swallow.

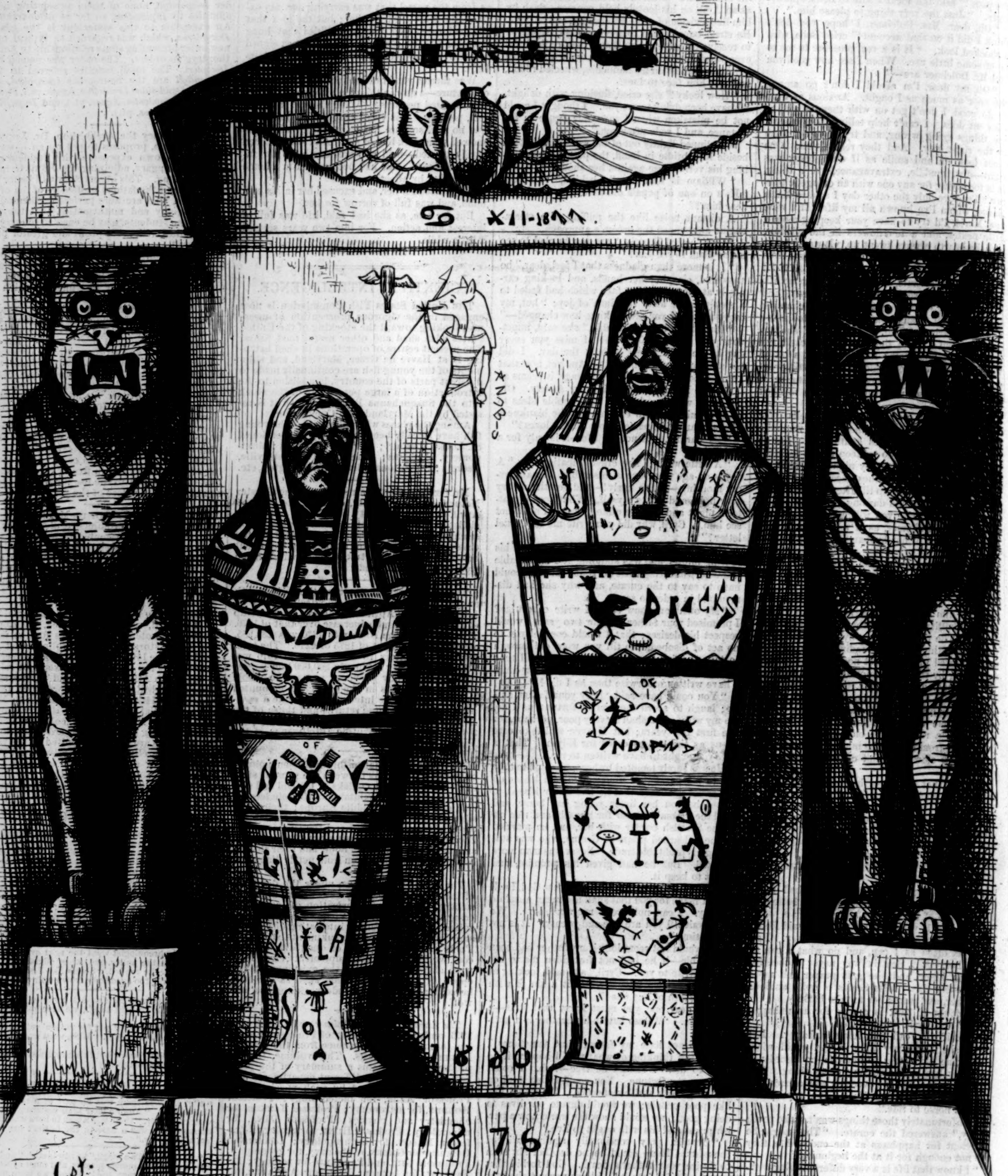
"Papa," asked a boy, "what is meant by Paradise?" "Paradise, my son," replied the father, "is the latter part of the summer, when your mother goes on a visit to your grandfather."

How to get rid of a Mother-in-Law.—Don't marry.

Patient (*to doctor, who has called in his sporting costume*). "I presume, doctor, the reason you have brought your gun is to be sure not to miss me."

Two tramps stopped at the house of a lone widow, and one went in to beg. Very soon he came out with a black eye. "Well, did you get any thing, Jack?" asked the other. "Yes," growled the poor sufferer, "I got the widow's might."

Nil Desperandum.—One of the Scotch judges, rather noted for his light treatment of serious punishments, had once sentenced a man, convicted of sheep-stealing, to be hanged on the 28th of the then current month. The prisoner, when being conducted out of the dock, turned round to the judge, who was busy arranging his papers previous to leaving the court, and cried out, "My lord, my lord, I haena got justice here the day!" The judge, looking up from his occupation with a twinkle of grim fun in his eye, consolingly answered, "Weel, weel, my man, ye'll get it on the 28th."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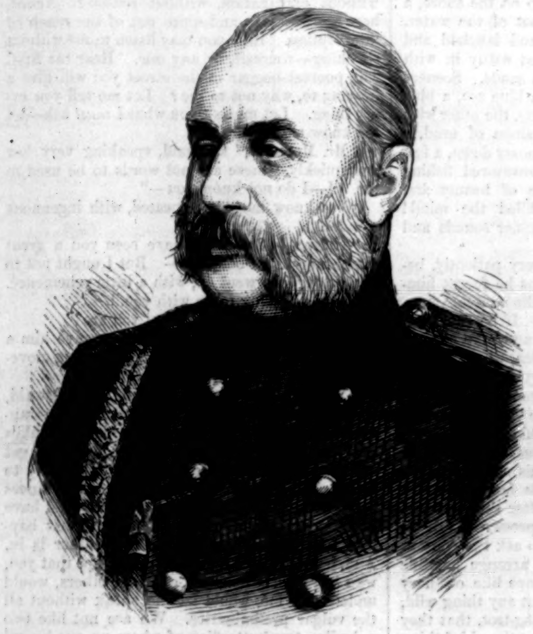
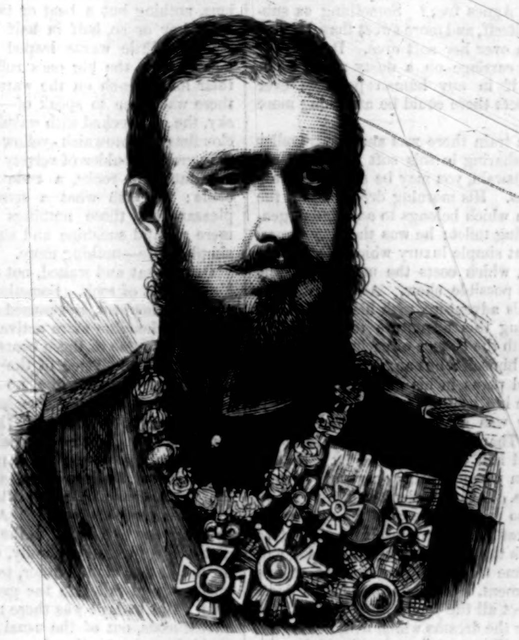
EMBALMED—THAT THEY MAY KEEP UNTIL 1880—OR LONGER.

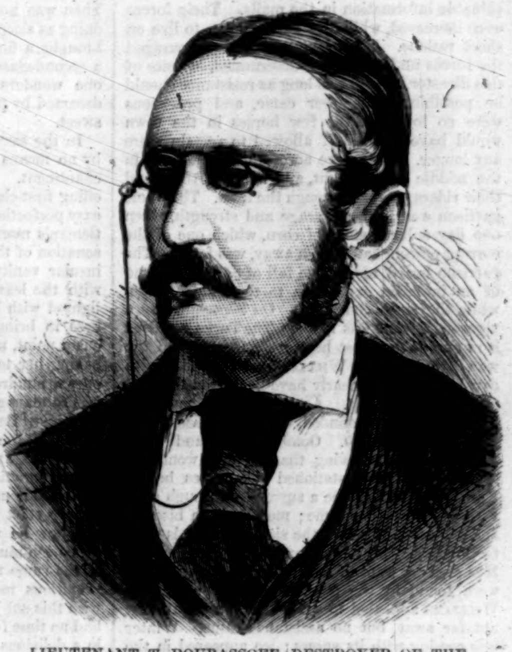
MUMMY HENDRICKS TO MUMMY TILDEN: "I am glad I am not so feeble as you."



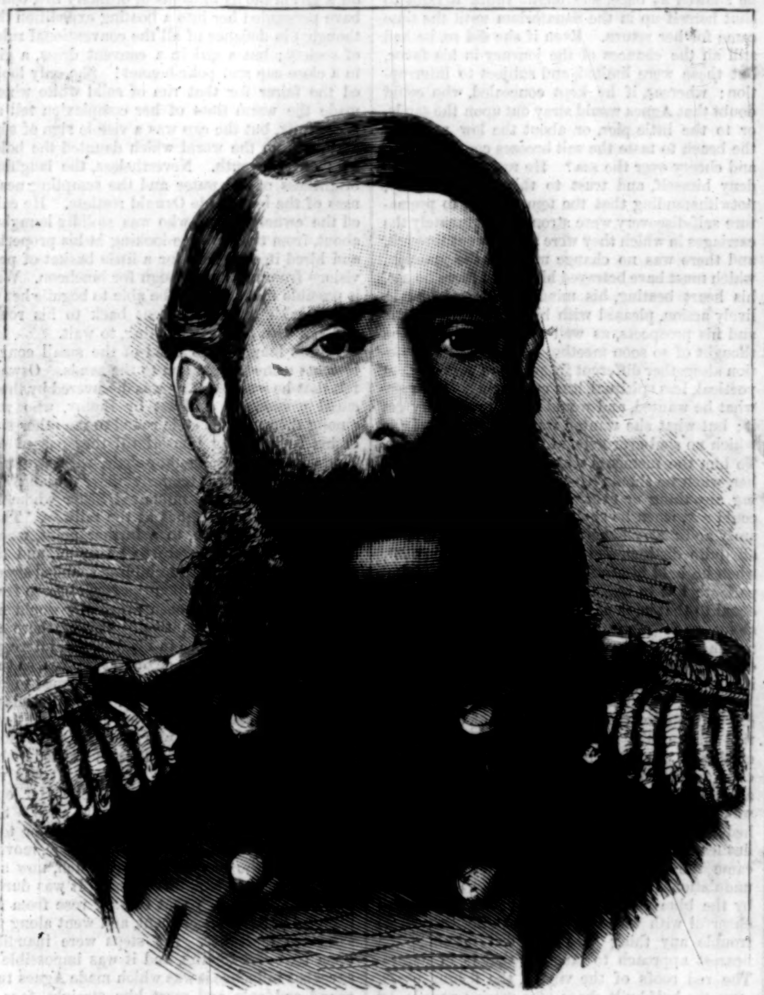
GENERAL NEPOKOITSCHITZKY, CHIEF OF STAFF, RUSSIAN ARMY OF THE DANUBE.



PRINCE CHARLES OF ROUMANIA.



LIEUTENANT T. DOUBASSOFF, DESTROYER OF THE TURKISH GUN-BOAT.



GENERAL LORISS-MELIKOFF.

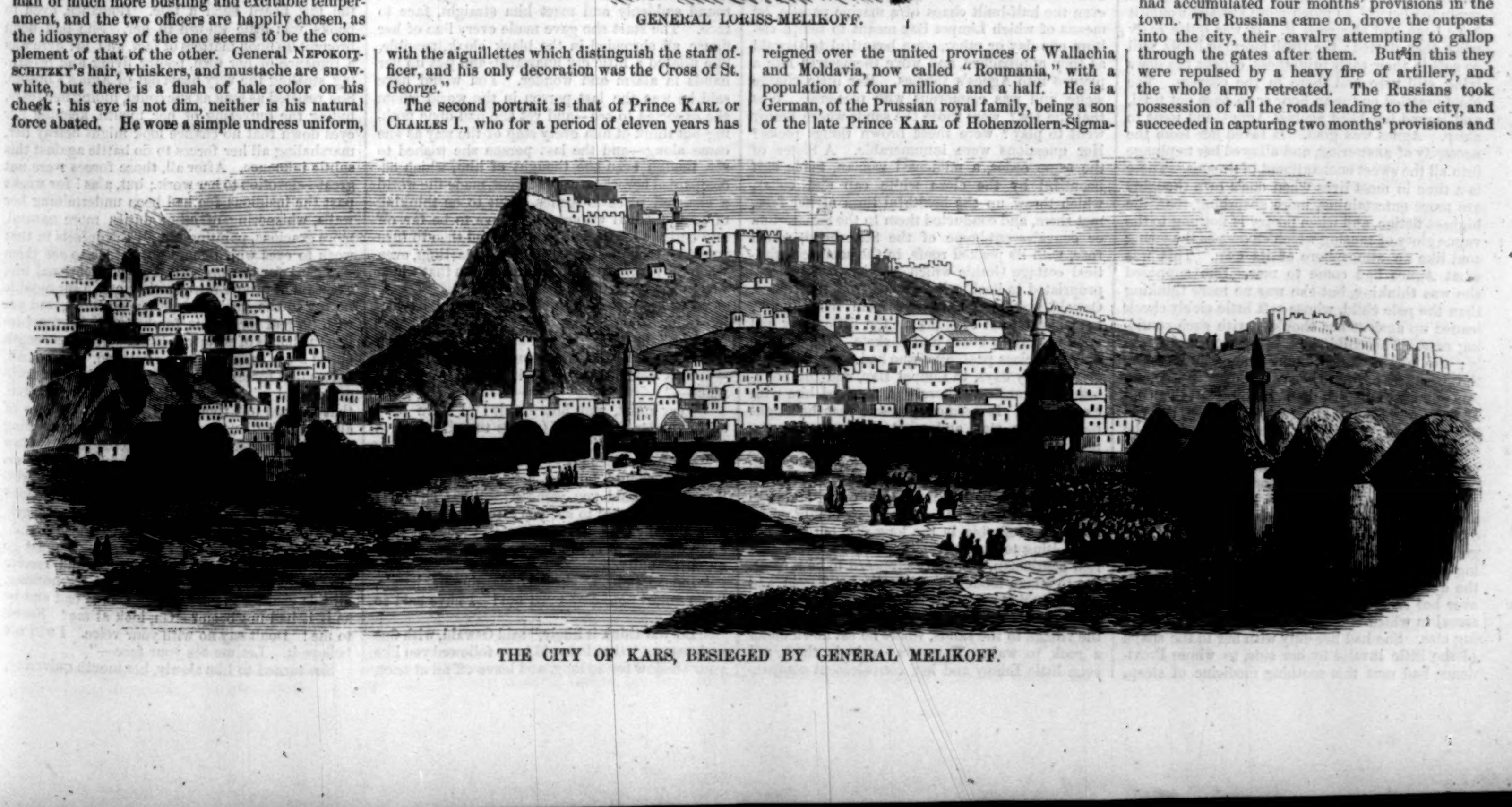
WAR SKETCHES.

ON this page we give the portraits of four Russian officers whose names, in spite of their bewildering orthography, have become familiar through the dispatches received from the seat of war. General NEPOKOITSCHITZKY, the first in order, is the chief of staff—a position for which he is ably fitted by his many years experience of staff duty. He joined the Russian army as an infantry officer, and first saw active service in the Caucasus, where his merit was so conspicuous that he speedily received a staff appointment. He held an important and responsible office on the general staff in the army which Russia sent to co-operate with Austria in quelling the Hungarian insurrection of 1849. In the war of 1854 and 1855 he was chief of staff to one of the corps composing the army with which GORTCHAKOFF occupied the Principalities, and took part, under PASKIEWITCH, in the memorable siege of Silistria. Since 1855 the General has seen no active service, but has been continually in military employment of one sort or another. Although chief of the staff of the Army of the South, for which position he was chosen because of his acquaintance with the region of the Danubian Valley derived from his experience in the campaign of 1854, he is not the head of the superior general staff of Russia. That high office is filled by Count HEIDAN. Before his appointment to the office he now holds, General NEPOKOITSCHITZKY was at the head of the commission for the reorganization of the army on the new system which has replaced the old Russian system, and the operation of which, although its institution was so recent that its full value is as yet not realized, has done much to improve the Russian army. The appearance of the general is thus described by a newspaper correspondent: "General NEPOKOITSCHITZKY is a short, square-set, but active-looking man, hale and hearty, in spite of his seventy years; he looks as fit to make a campaign as if he were twenty years younger. He is of Polish extraction, and his name signifies 'the unquiet or restless man,' and is singularly inappropriate, for the general is a man of the most placid manner, and the equanimity of his temper is proverbial among the officers who have served under him. A classical captain told me yesterday that he very felicitously combined the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. The *sous-chef* of the general staff, General LEVITSKY, is a man of much more bustling and excitable temperament, and the two officers are happily chosen, as the idiosyncrasy of the one seems to be the complement of that of the other. General NEPOKOITSCHITZKY's hair, whiskers, and mustache are snow-white, but there is a flush of hale color on his cheek; his eye is not dim, neither is his natural force abated. He wore a simple undress uniform, with the aiguillettes which distinguish the staff officer, and his only decoration was the Cross of St. George."

The second portrait is that of Prince KARL or CHARLES I., who for a period of eleven years has reigned over the united provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, now called "Roumania," with a population of four millions and a half. He is a German, of the Prussian royal family, being a son of the late Prince KARL of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. He is thirty-eight years of age, having been born on April 20, 1839. His election to be Prince of Roumania, in 1866, was consequent upon the revolution which deposed ALEXANDER JOHN COUZA, the first ruler of the united provinces under the Constitution of 1861. Prince CHARLES is married to ELIZABETH VON NEUWIED, daughter of the late Prince HERMANN VON NEUWIED. The government of Roumania is constitutional, with the legislative power intrusted to a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies at Bucharest, elected by all citizens who are twenty-five years of age, and who can read and write. The ordinary revenue is estimated at £3,600,000. Some account of the Roumanian army has already been given in this journal. Some idea of the Prince's appearance may be gained from the following disrespectful extract, clipped from [illegible] letter to the New York *Times*: "A heavy, slee[illegible]-looking German, with a seat on his horse like a salt-sack attached to two poles."

Next to Prince CHARLES we have a portrait of Lieutenant DOUBASSOFF, the hero of the expedition by which the Turkish Monitor was destroyed on the 31st of May. This officer received his education in the Naval School, and afterward in the Naval Academy, at St. Petersburg. He is considered to be one of the promising officers of the Russian navy. He was for some years at sea, during which time he went round the world. His last appointment was as chief officer on board the imperial yacht *Slavyanka*, belonging to the Grand Duke. For an account of the lieutenant's great exploit reference must be made to page 528. Suffice it to say in this connection that both Lieutenant DOUBASSOFF and Lieutenant SCHESTAKOFF, his companion on that occasion, have been decorated by the Grand Duke NICHOLAS with St. George's Cross, which is the highest order in Russia for military service.

The last portrait is that of General LORISS-MELIKOFF, officer in command of the Russian army besieging Kars. This town, from its situation just within the Turkish frontier in Asia Minor, has played an important part in every struggle between the two powers. During the Crimean war, in the month of June, 1854, the Russians began the siege of Kars with a force numbering 35,000 men and sixty-four pieces of cannon. General WILLIAMS, in command of the Turkish garrison, had only 17,000 men and forty-two guns. But through persistent exertions he had accumulated four months' provisions in the town. The Russians came on, drove the outposts into the city, their cavalry attempting to gallop through the gates after them. But in this they were repulsed by a heavy fire of artillery, and the whole army retreated. The Russians took possession of all the roads leading to the city, and succeeded in capturing two months' provisions and



THE CITY OF KARS, BESIEGED BY GENERAL MELIKOFF.

valuable information in the mails. Their forces were increased, while the Turks began to live on short rations. The brave Williams encouraged the forces under him, and determined, in spite of this disaster, to resist as long as resistance should be possible. September came, and provisions were so low that the few horses in the town would have starved if allowed to remain there any longer. They were accordingly sent forth in the middle of the night, and many of them and their riders escaped through the lines. The whole garrison was losing courage and strength, when one day a large store of corn, which one of the corrupt officers had hidden away, was found. The garrison heard, too, of the fall of Sevastopol, and of an intended expedition to their aid. Meanwhile the siege continued. On September 29 a vigorous assault was made. The Turks repulsed it in one of the most heroic engagements of the war. Had General Williams been supplied with cavalry, he might nearly have destroyed the enemy in their retreat. As it was, they had 2500 killed and 5000 wounded, while Williams's loss was less than 1000. October came and went. The Russians, believing that no help would be sent to Williams, stationed themselves before Kars, resolved to force a surrender through starvation. November came; men lived on biscuits and the roots of grass; the sick in hospitals were fortunate enough to get horse-broth occasionally. Men died for want of food; every morning bodies were found in the streets, and day after day Williams appealed to a Turkish force stationed not far away, but no assistance came. Winter was coming with its snows; ice appeared in the river, and one day Williams went out to meet the Russian general under a flag of truce. Terms were agreed upon, and a surrender followed. Three days later Williams and his staff, together with two Turkish generals, dined with the Russian General Mouravieff.

CARITÀ.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE SUPREME MOMENT.

It was a beautiful morning in June when Agnes started from the House with her little charge, who was going to the Convent Sanatorium at Limpet Bay. She scarcely knew so soon as the portress did, who had thus fortunately warned the eager lover; for Sister Mary Jane had thought it best to screen Agnes from all risks, and informed her only upon the day before the expedition.

"You want a little change; it will do you good," the Sister Superior said, pinching the girl's pale cheek. "I thought we should have had to send you home; but a little breath of sea-air will do you good."

"Oh, I do not require to be sent home!" Agnes said, with a sudden flush of fright. To go home was far from being what she desired. Indeed, she did not quite like to leave the House and the girls' procession even for one day. The pale little girl who was her companion was excited and noisy with joy; but as she took her seat in a corner of a second-class carriage Agnes felt less exhilarated than depressed, though there was a curious jumble of feelings in her mind. The motion was pleasant, the fresh air—after the languid breezes of London—revived and refreshed the country-born girl. Ah! green fields still looked just so, the birds sang as of old, only there was something in the breeze and the sunshine and the birds which she never had known before—something which suggested a want, a void, and yet a hope. She would not say to herself what that void was, but yet felt that it was strange, looking out from the window of the carriage, not to see one face which she always saw when she looked out. Very strange; and yet, when she reminded herself, so much more strange would it have been had she seen it. It was quite early when they started; the fresh morning lights, still so soft in their early brightness, caught the dews lying still here and there in the corners. The child prattled on for an hour or so, then got tired, and leaned her head against Agnes, and went to sleep. Agnes was glad. It saved her from the necessity of answering, and allowed her to plunge into all the sweet enchantment of dreams. There is a time in most lives when one's own thoughts are more entertaining, more absorbing, than the highest fiction, and when poetry is nothing to the vague glory of musing which envelopes the young soul like an atmosphere of its own. This was what Agnes had come to now. She supposed she was thinking, but she was no more thinking than the pale child, whose soft little sickly cheek leaned up against her shoulder with such confiding ease. The child slept, being sick and weakly; the girl dreamed, being young, and feeling the sweetness of life to her very finger-tips. There was nobody to disturb them, nothing but the wind of their rapid going, the rush of motion, the vision of green fields and trees flitting past, the clouds in the sky sailing over them. In such circumstances even a dusty railway journey grows poetical. The black poke-bonnet and the conventual cloak did not make it less so, though, alas! they made those thoughts, when she suddenly woke up to a consciousness of them, very guilty and dreadful to Agnes. But for this morning at least, once in a way, she had escaped from the duties of life, and the soft haze which crept over her seemed more allowable during this interval in which it was evident she could do nothing else. She had her duty with her in the shape of the little invalid by her side, to whom Providence had sent this soothing medicine of sleep. Then was not Agnes free? Something as subduing as sleep itself, and more sweet than dreams, brought a film over her soft eyes. It was only a second-class carriage on a dusty railway, but one wonders if in any human paradise ever dreamed by poets there could be any thing more sweet.

In the same train there was another traveller by no means sharing in this soft trance of enchantment. Oswald, you may be sure, was travelling first-class. His morning dress had all the easy perfection which belongs to an English gentleman's morning toilet; he was the very impersonation of that simple luxury which pleases our insular vanity, which costs the utmost possible with the least possible show. And he was delighted with his adventure, with his own cleverness in bringing this adventure to so prosperous a point, with the chance of seeing Agnes and having her to himself; but anxious, and turning over a hundred plans in his mind as to how he was to manage it all.

Limpet Bay was a very small place on the banks of the Thames, just where the river becomes sea, and had to be reached by a branch from a junction whence trains only went at very awkward hours. This was why it had been necessary to start so early. The question was where and how he was to show himself, so as not to alarm too much the shy object of his pursuit, and at the same time to take full advantage of this propitious moment. Oswald's mind was busy with this subject all the way to the junction. He had no time for the dreams which wrapped Agnes in a delicious stillness of thought; he had to debate this important question with himself. If he showed at once, she might think it right to shut herself up in the Sanatorium until the time came for her return. Even if she did so, he had still all the chances of the journey in his favor, but these were limited, and subject to interruption; whereas, if he kept concealed, who could doubt that Agnes would stray out upon the sands, or to the little pier, or about the low rocks on the beach to taste the salt breezes coming strong and cheery over the sea? He resolved at last to deny himself, and trust to this after-certainty, notwithstanding that the temptations to premature self-discovery were strong. Fortunately the carriages in which they were seated went through, and there was no change made at the junction, which must have betrayed him; and there he sat, his heart beating, his mind exhilarated and in lively action, pleased with himself and his plans and his prospects, as well as delighted with the thought of so soon meeting her. It was an emotion altogether different from that of Agnes—less poetical, less spiritual, less entrancing. He knew what he wanted, and would in all probability get it; but what she wanted was that vague infinite which no soul ever gets, in this universe at least. To him the moments when he should have met her, when he should have persuaded her into saying any thing or every thing that a shy maiden could say, when he should carry her off triumphantly and marry her, and make her his own, were all quite distinct, and better than this moment, when he held himself in leash—waiting and impatient; but to her would any moment ever be equal to that hour of dreams? Thus they swept along, each alone, characteristically occupied, making progress, conscious or unconscious, out of the sweet preface and overture of existence into life.

It came about as Oswald had foreseen. The day was one of the loveliest days of early June, the foliage still fresh in its spring livery, the earth still downy in soft green of the springing corn and softer velvet of the grass; the daisies and buttercups, simplest of delights, were still a wonder to behold, the wild roses, sweet on all the hedge-rows, lighting up the country with delicate flushes of color. Then as they neared the sea came the grayer greenness of the downs, soft undulations, yellow stretches of sand, surrounded by the blue glory of the salt-water, broken and cheerful with white wavelets, not big enough to trouble any thing save in elfish mischief, the nearest approach to laughter that is in nature. The red roofs of the village, the fishing boats, even the half-built chaos of a marine parade, by means of which Limpet Bay meant to tempt visitors one day or other, were beautiful to Oswald as they approached, and wove themselves like a picture into Agnes's fancies. Her little charge woke, and was clamorous with pleasure. Was that the sea? were those the sands where Emmy went to play? were these brown things rocks? Her questions were innumerable. A Sister of the same order, a mild-eyed woman, made half beautiful by the close white cap and collar, which threw up the healthful tints of her face, met them, and conducted them to the Sanatorium or convalescent-home of the Sisterhood, which rose, with its peaked roofs, in the semi-ecclesiastical cottage Gothic which Anglicanism has appropriated to itself, a little apart from the village. Oswald, watching anxiously from his window, kept himself out of sight till the little party had gone with their boxes and baskets. He was the only first-class passenger who had come that day, or for many days, to Limpet Bay, and the population, so much as there was, received him with excitement. It seemed possible that he might be going to stay, and what a success for the place to have a gentleman—*a gentleman!*—so early in the year! Two or three loungers volunteered to show him the inn, others to carry his things, though he had nothing to carry, others to guide him to the port. A *bourgeois* family might be more profitable in the long-run, but it is not so exciting to the imagination as a gentleman—a real gentleman, generally supposed to be a creature to whom money is absolutely indifferent, and whose pockets are full for every body's benefit. He shook them all off, however, and went through the village to the sands, where he sat down under a rock to wait. There was nobody there, not even little Emmy and her convalescent companions, nothing but a boat or two on the shore, a fisher-boy or so, half in half out of the water. And the little waves leaped and laughed and gurgled, and the big ones rolled softly in with their long hus-sh on the warm sands. Scenery there was none to speak of—a blue sea, a blue sky, the one flecked with wavelets, the other with cloudlets; a brownish-yellow slope of sand, a gray-green shoulder of velvety mossy down, a few low fantastic rocks, a rude brown-red fishing coble: yet with what a sense of beauty and pleasantness those nothings filled the mind! mere air and sunshine and summer sounds and simplest life—nothing more.

Oswald sat and waited, not very patiently, behind the bit of rock. Sometimes he forgot himself for a moment, and mused almost like Agnes, but with thoughts more active. If he could but get her into one of those boats and take her out upon the blue silence of the sea, where no one could interfere with him, no one interrupt his love tale, not even her own scruples! Now the decisive moment of his life (he said to himself) was at hand. Never again would he have such an opportunity—every thing must be settled to-day. It was the last day of this sweet clandestine romance which pleased his fancy so much more than serious wooing. After this it would be necessary to descend to the precautions of ordinary life, to see her family, to ask the consent of her father and mother, to arrange horrible business, and fall into the groove like ordinary men. But to-day! was there not any thing wild, adventurous, out of the usual jog-trot, that they could do to-day? Her dress was the chief thing that restrained Oswald. He could have carried off a girl in the habiliments of ordinary life, could have persuaded her into a boating expedition (he thought) in defiance of all the conventional rules of society; but a girl in a convent dress, a girl in a close cap and poke-bonnet! She only looked the fairer for that rim of solid white which made the warm tints of her complexion tell so powerfully, but the cap was a visible sign of separation from the world which daunted the boldness of the youth. Nevertheless, the laughing brightness of the water and the tempting nearness of the boat made Oswald restless. He called the owner to him, who was stolidly lounging about, from time to time looking at his property, and hired it, then sent for a little basket of provisions from the inn, enough for luncheon. Was it possible that he might be able to beguile her to go out with him? He went back to his rock, and sat, with his heart beating, to wait.

Before long a little band of the small convalescents came trooping on to the sands. Oswald felt that he was lost if he was discovered by these small women, or at least by Emmy, who was among them, and he stole round to the other side of his rock, hiding himself till they passed on. There was a little donkey-chair, with two who were still invalids, tenderly driven along the smooth sands by the mild-eyed Sister whom he had seen receiving Agnes at the railway. They went on, passing him, to a further point, where shells and sea-weed were to be found, and the voices and laughter of the children sounded sweetly from that distance upon the fresh breeze from the sea. If they had been nearer, he would not have found them so musical. Finally, there appeared a solitary figure in black robes, intercepting the light. She was gazing at the sea, so that Oswald could not see her face. It seemed to him that he knew her step, though it was noiseless; that no one could mistake her; but still it was not absolutely certain it was she. She came along slowly, her footsteps altogether undirected by her eyes, which were fixed on the sea. It was not the maiden meditation of the poet. Her eyes were with her heart, and that was far away. She had kept behind, happily, while the Sister took out her little band, and now came alone, moving softly over the long stretch of beach, now and then stopping to look at the sea. It was during one of these pauses that Oswald rose from his place of partial concealment, and went along the sands to meet her. His steps were inaudible upon that soft footing, and it was impossible to say what influence it was which made Agnes turn round suddenly and meet him straight, face to face. The start she gave made every line of her figure, all shrouded in the black cloak, tremble. She uttered a little cry unawares, and put up her hands in alarm and wonder. You would have said he was the last person in the world whom she expected to see—and yet she had done nothing but think of him every step of the way as she came along—and the last person she wished to see, though even the thought of him, which accompanied her wherever she went, made the world a changed place to Agnes. But to be thinking of an individual whom you believe to be far off and entirely separated from you, and then to turn round and see him at your elbow, is startling, even when the sentiment is less intense than that which was in the girl's mind.

"You are surprised to see me," he said, hastening to her side.

"Yes," she said; "very much surprised." Then trying to regain her composure, "I did not know—it is a coincidence—this is such a very quiet place—"

"Very quiet, and how lovely! I have been sitting under that rock" (Agnes turned round to to look at it) "waiting for you."

"Waiting—for me!"

"Why should I make believe," said Oswald, "or why should you wonder? What should I come here for but to see you? to watch over you at a distance, and—I confess it, though it may seem selfish—to speak to you when I could find an opportunity."

"Indeed, indeed," she said, clasping her hands, "you ought not—you must not! I have said so before."

"Do you think it likely," said Oswald, with fine seriousness, "that I should have followed you like your shadow for so long, and leave off all at once, without explanation, without reason? Agnes, here we are safe and quite out of the reach of interruption. Here you may listen to me without shocking—yourself, or any one. Hear me first. The poorest beggar in the street you will give a hearing to, why not to me? Let me tell you every thing. Let me ask you what I *must* ask—let me know my fate."

"Mr. Meredith," she said, speaking very low and quickly, "these are not words to be used to me. I—I do not know you—"

"Not know me!" he repeated, with ingenuous wonder.

"I mean—of course I have seen you a great many times. Of course I— But I ought not to know you," she went on, with a little vehemence. "I have—nothing to do with you."

"How unkind—how unkind you are!"

This reproach silenced her. She gave him a hasty look, with a sudden, half-supplicating movement of her hands.

"When a man loves a woman," said Oswald, with anxious art, "they are almost always strangers to each other. Do you blame him if he takes every means to introduce himself, to try to get her to know him, to believe in him, to reply to him? You are not at home, not in circumstances to allow this. What could I do? I would have brought my mother; but I told you what happened to us, and the trouble my mother is in. And, besides, pardon me if I had a hope that you, who were not a common girl like others, would understand me, would let me speak without all the vulgar preliminaries. We are not like two nobodies, two butterflies, of whom no one knows any thing," he said, with a vague flourish of trumpets.

Agnes made him no reply; she was without words. Indeed, she was a little overawed by this explanation—"not like two nobodies, of whom no one knows any thing." Who was he? what had he done to lift him to the rank of those whom other people knew?

"At all events," he said, after a pause, "will you not give me my chance now? We are here, with no one to say a word, nobody to interfere with us, no one to think we are doing wrong. Let me have my chance now. If you condemn me, I promise to go away; I shall have no heart to trouble you longer," he said, in a pathetic tone, which made poor Agnes tremble. Had she the heart to condemn him? Oh, how little he knew! She yielded, saying to herself that it was the shortest way; that any thing else would be foolish; and gave her consent, without looking at him, with a grave little movement of her head. He led her to the rock where he had been sitting waiting for her, and where she now followed him without a word. How their hearts were beating, both of them, though all was so still! She sat down on the smooth rock, he half kneeling on the sand by her side. The soft summer air surrounded them, the sea, dropping out of its morning smiles, fell into a hush of listening, and stilled every thing about that the tale might not be disturbed. "Hus-sh," said the soft, long waves as the tide stole in. A few soft clouds flitted over the sun, softening his mid-day radiance; the hush of noon fell upon earth and sea. And there Agnes sat, throned in that momentary judgment-seat of her womanhood, with his fate, as he said, in her hands. The words had a deeper meaning than Oswald thought of. The fate of other lives hung on that decision—of her own more than of his. But neither of them thought of that. Would she accept him? It was incredible that she could refuse him. This was the real conviction in his heart, and yet he trembled too.

Neither of them knew how long they sat there, while Agnes on her throne listened—trembling, blushing, weeping, hiding soft gleams of sympathetic looks, keeping back kindred confessions that stole to her own lips. She heard the story of Oswald's love. It did not lose in the telling, and yet it was true. Though his poetry was not of a very elevated kind, as the reader knows, it gave him a command of words, it gave him skill enough to know how that story should be told. He paused for no instant reply, but went through the record from beginning to end. Never had the girl heard such a tale. Romance, even in books, was little known to her. She had been brought up upon matters of fact, and, lo! here was a romance of her own, poetry living and breathing, stealing the very heart out of Agnes's bosom. She resisted as long as she could, hiding her tears, hiding the quivering of her mouth, keeping her eyes down that no chance look might betray her, marshaling all her forces to do battle against this subtle influence. After all, those forces were not great—devotion to her work; but, alas! for weeks past the insidious foe had been undermining her walls, whispering of other duties more natural, more gracious, pointing out all the defects in that work to eyes which could not refuse to see them—regard for the prejudices of conventional life, the want of proper introduction, etc., a formidable horror to the girl's inexperienced mind, and yet with no real force in it, for had not she, too, broken the bonds of society? Eventually the strength ebbed away from her as she listened. Last of all, her routed forces took refuge in the last yet frailest citadel of all—her dress. It was that, too, that Oswald had thought of. In the absence of all real objections to this mutual understanding this little barrier of *chiffons* erected itself. How could she in that garb of self-sacrifice choose personal happiness, her own way, and all the brightnesses instead of all the sadnesses of existence? This thought gave her a little temporary strength.

"Agnes," he said, with agitation, "those wretched children are coming back again. I must go away unless you will acknowledge and receive me. Agnes, think! can all this go for nothing, all this chapter in our lives? Can it end and be as if it had not been? Oh, look at me! Speak to me! Don't say no with your voice. I will not believe it. Let me see your face—"

She turned to him slowly, her mouth quivering, flashes of flying color going and coming, her eyelids—which she could not lift—heavy with tears, every line in her face moving and eloquent with feeling. "What can I say"—her voice was so low and hurried that he had to bend forward to hear her—"in this place, in this dress? Is it right? Oh, why should you ask me? What can I say?"

"Look at me, Agnes."

With an effort, as if she could not help it, she slowly lifted her eyes. There were two great tears in them, oceans of unspeakable meaning, veiling yet magnifying the truth below. One moment, and then she covered her face with her hands. There was no more to say.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANOTHER GREAT CALAMITY.

HALF of the beautiful city of St. John, New Brunswick, of which a view is given on page 521, was swept away by a fierce conflagration on the 20th of June. The fire broke out in a building owned by MR. FAIRWEATHER, on the south side of York Point Slip, next to M'LAUGHLIN's boiler shop. A strong northwesterly wind was blowing at the time, and the flames spread rapidly, in the face of the most heroic efforts of the firemen to stay their progress. The fire soon reached the business portion of St. John, clearing in its career entire streets of buildings. Dock Street, Market Square, the whole of Prince William Street, Water Street, the south and part of the north side of King Street, King's Square, Germain, Canterbury, Princess, Duke, Leinster, Charlotte, Orange, the whole of the Lower Cove District, Sydney and Carmarthen streets, portions of Wentworth and Pitt streets—in fact, the whole of that portion of the city south of King Street was destroyed, including wharves and shipping. Not a leading establishment escaped. All the principal dry-goods stores, the leading groceries, all the ship-brokers, commission-merchants, all in the business of wholesale liquors, flour, provisions, coal, salt, lumber, tea, West India goods, etc., were wiped out. Forty odd blocks, or nearly two hundred acres, south of King Street, have not six buildings remaining.

Among the public buildings destroyed are the new Post-office (valued at $200,000), the Custom-house, Victoria Hotel, the Academy of Music, Dramatic Lyceum, Royal Hotel, banks of New Brunswick, Maritime Bank, agencies of banks of Montreal and Nova Scotia Savings-bank, Victoria School-house, grammar school, Trinity Church, St. Andrew's Church, Centenary Church, Germain Street Methodist Church, City Hall, Water Commissioners' Office; banking houses of SIMEON JONES & Co., GEORGE PHELPS, and M'MILLAN & Co.; the Western Union Telegraph Office; the newspaper offices of the *Daily Telegraph, Daily News, Globe, Freeman, Watchman,* and *Religious Intelligencer;* news-room, Ritchies Building, and law offices.

Several schooners and large vessels were burned to the water's edge. Rafts laden with goods and household wares readily caught the flames, and were consumed.

The following-named persons are reported to have lost their lives in the fire: BENJAMIN WILLIAMS, Germain Street; HAROLD GILBERT, near the Victoria Hotel; WILLIAM M'NEILL, of JAMES ADAMS & Co.'s establishment; GARRETT COTTER, of JAMES N. MAY's establishment; the mother of ex-Mayor REED and his two aunts. Two men, whose names were unknown, are reported to have been run over and killed. HUGH M'GOVERN, of Strait Shore, was also killed. The body of an unknown man was found on Prince William Street at four o'clock in the morning. Many persons are reported missing. Many persons were injured, particularly firemen.

No clear estimate of the value of the property destroyed or of the insurance can be given. Certainly $10,000,000 or $12,000,000 worth is gone, and insurance men think their risks may run up to $5,000,000.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY.

Sunday, 8.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 15.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 22.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday, 25.—St. James, the Apostle.
Sunday, 29.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

BY the time this number of *Harper's Weekly* reaches many of its readers, the Presbyterian Alliance will have assembled in Edinburgh. Many American delegates will be in attendance, among them the best-known Presbyterian ministers and elders of the Churches in this country. The Presbyterian bodies to be represented are the Northern and Southern Churches of the United States, and also the American, the United Presbyterian, Reformed Presbyterian, and Dutch Reformed Churches; the Presbyterian Churches of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales (the last more commonly known as Calvinistic Methodists); the Presbyterian Church of Canada; and, from the continent of Europe, the Reformed Churches of France, Belgium (missionary), the Evangelical Church of the Canton de Vaud, the Evangelical Church of Neuchâtel, the Waldensian Church of Italy, the Reformed Church of East Friesland, the Free Evangelical Church of Germany, and the Evangelical Church of Spain. The Council of the Alliance will meet triennially. It is expressly precluded by the terms of the constitution adopted at the preliminary conferences from "interfering with the creed or constitution of any Church in the Alliance, or with its internal order or external relations." The chief objects contemplated by the organization are the extension of the Presbyterian system and the co-operation of the Churches holding the Calvinistic creeds with each other. A reception will be given to the foreign delegates on July 2; the work of the Council will begin July 4.

The ecclesiastical side of the present political crisis in France has not escaped the attention of careful observers. The Free University Bill and others which have been proposed but not adopted by the French Assembly have convinced the "clericals" that they can not rely upon the republicans for the furtherance of their schemes. The connection, in time, of the breach of Marshal M'MAHON with the Assembly and the appeal of the Pope to Europe for help against Italy is very noticeable. The *North German Gazette,* which is considered the organ of the ministry, traces thus the relationship between the Pope and the reactionists in France: "The reactionists being unable to dispense with clerical assistance for the attainment of domestic purposes, such assistance will not be given unless important counter-services are rendered." This describes the situation very clearly.

The Irish correspondent of the *Rock,* of London, reports this very singular incident in the reception of General GRANT at Queenstown, Ireland: "As soon as his arrival was known, arrangements were made for the Commissioners of Queenstown to give him an official reception and present him with an address. The priests, however, interfered. The chapels rang with vehement denunciations of General GRANT and his policy. He was represented to be the great enemy of the Catholic faith and of Catholic education in America, and all public recognition of him was forbidden. This did not prevent a number of his friends from going on board the *Indiana* in a tender to pay their respects to him. On the return of the tender to the pier, some one ventured to call for cheers for General GRANT. The reply was a volley of hisses, accompanied with curses and execrations. Of course the great ULYSSES can afford to laugh at such a silly outburst of popular feeling, prompted by the priests of Rome; but this little incident, trifling in itself, speaks volumes as to the extent to which the uneducated masses suffer themselves to be led by the Romish clergy even in secular matters."

Mr. LEWIS E. JACKSON, of the New York City Tract Society, has compiled an annual statement of Christian beneficence for the year 1876–77. Thirty-five national societies report receipts to the amount of $6,094,608, and forty-five local New York societies receipts to the amount of $4,000,000. Some of the local societies, such as the Roman Catholic Protectory, receive State grants. The highest in the list of national societies is the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which reports $594,188 of receipts. This society, however, combines its home and foreign mission work, which are managed by separate organizations in other Churches. The two mission boards of the Presbyterian Church show an aggregate of over $747,000 receipts; the American Board and the American Home Missionary Society, both Congregational, aggregate $759,154 receipts.

The *John Bull,* of London, states that thirty-two churches in London and within a radius of twelve miles will be affected by the Ridsdale judgment lately delivered by the Privy Council. The Rev. W. A. WHITWORTH, vicar of St. John's, Hammersmith, has discontinued the use of eucharistic vestments. The Rev. W. HOPE, vicar of St. Peter's, Derby, has given notice of his purpose to discontinue the use of altar lights and vestments as soon as the judgment is officially made known.

Two very beautiful and practical charities which have sprung up of late years in New York have been noticed in this Intelligence, but are worthy of further mention. The one is a sea-side sanitarium for sick and destitute children. It has been opened at Far Rockaway, on Long Island, and can accommodate as many as there are funds to support. A dollar per week for each child is the estimated cost. The other is the fruit and flower mission to the public hospitals. This originally English form of charity has been adopted in our country. Recently an excursion up the Sound was given to the children in the Eye Infirmary by the promoters of this mission.

Preaching to the masses is vigorously carried on in the "Gospel Tent," on Thirty-fourth Street, near Sixth Avenue, which has been erected by the Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jun. It will seat 1600 persons, and is crowded on Sunday evenings.

At the yearly meeting of the Friends in New England, held in Portland, Maine, the total number of members in the six States was stated to be 4407—a loss of forty-two during the past year.

The New York State Sunday-school Convention, whose opening was noticed last week, brought together 500 delegates. The largest county representation was from Kings. Twenty-one counties reported through their secretaries 6000 schools. It was resolved to employ three Sunday-school missionaries in the State during the coming year. The next convention will be held in Albany the first Tuesday in June, 1878.

The action of the Scotch Free Church Assembly on the union of Church and state, at the late session, was very decided. By a vote of 460 to 78, the delegates declared that it is now the duty of the legislature to terminate the existing connection of the state with the Established Scotch Kirk. Thus the hopes entertained that the new patronage law would incline the Free-Church Presbyterians to return to the State Kirk have been disappointed.

The preliminary injunction granted by the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia restraining the St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church from using its bells has been so far modified by the Supreme Court as to allow the bells to be rung *in a specified manner* until the case is determined. The Supreme Court orders and adjudges that the injunction be continued, with the "modification that the defendants are permitted to ring their chimes on Sundays for five minutes at thirty minutes before the time of commencing divine service, and to ring the smallest bell alone for five minutes immediately before such time." The *Church Journal* says that the mode of ringing here prescribed reminds it "rather unpleasantly of the 'dressing bell' and the 'dinner bell' of a fashionable hotel."

There is a "Reformed" Church of the Latter-day Saints, which in April held its annual Conference in Plano, Illinois. It reports 316 branches and 10,285 members; denounces the polygamous creed of the Church in Utah, but accepts the Book of Mormon as inspired. JOSEPH SMITH, son of the founder of the Mormon polity, is the president.

The Missionary Conference at Allahabad, India, in 1873, has led to like conferences of Protestant missionaries in China. That for 1877 was held at Shanghai, May 10. One hundred and twenty missionaries were present, who represented all the Protestant Churches having missions in China. Among the important topics considered were, "Confucianism in Relation to Christianity," by the Rev. Dr. LEGGE, professor in Oxford University, "The Treaty Rights of Native Christians," and the "Independence of the Native Church."

One good fruit of Christian influence in the East is the teaching of the native governments—by example—how to mitigate the horrors of famine. The Shanghai correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* writes of the famine in the province of Shan-tung, China: "In Tsi-nan-fu, a single city, there are 50,000 people seeking aid, while already 15,000 have died of starvation in a very few weeks. This is only one of a dozen localities where the suffering is equal in every respect, and the government aid of $50,000 seems almost a mockery when we consider the demands upon it. Many have destroyed their houses, to dispose of the material in exchange for food. Their houses gone, they burrow in the earth, or seek some cave, in which they swarm like bees, crowding together to procure the warmth of each other's bodies; and although the foul air is almost certain death, dozens linger about the entrance, reckless candidates for the places of the dying." By strenuous exertions the Christian missionaries have succeeded in forwarding relief to the sufferers.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A NEW association has been formed, under the name of the Society of Decorative Art. The officers and managers are ladies well known for their cultured taste and extended charities; and the Advisory Council contains names of both ladies and gentlemen of distinction. The general object of the society is to enable women to qualify themselves for remunerative work in all kinds of decorative art, although we understand that the project has assumed a broader basis since its inception, and its benefits will not be exclusively for women. A place will be opened for the exhibition and sale of sculpture, painting, wood carvings, lace-work, tapestries, etc., and efforts made to obtain orders from dealers in articles of household art throughout the United States. Instruction will be given in art needle-work by a thoroughly competent teacher, at 3 o'clock P.M. on Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 67 Madison Avenue, five dollars being charged for a course of five lessons. To pupils nominated by members of the society, free instruction will be given on Saturdays at the same hour and place. Various other arrangements are made, which, it is believed, will enable many women who have no profession to qualify themselves for some remunerative art industry. Letters can be addressed to Mrs. Walter C. Tuckerman, No. 104 East Thirty-eighth Street, New York, chairman of Committee on Collection of Work; Mrs. James W. Pinchot, No. 18 East Twenty-ninth Street, New York, chairman of Committee on Paintings; Mrs. Henry W. De Forrest, No. 15 West Thirtieth Street, New York, chairman of Committee on Wood Carvings and Miscellaneous Art Industries; Miss Newbold, No. 12 West Twenty-eighth Street, chairman of Committee on Art Needle-Work and Embroideries; Miss C. Furniss, No. 413 Fifth Avenue, New York, chairman of Committee on Porcelain and Pottery; Mrs. T. M. Wheeler, Jamaica, Long Island, corresponding secretary of the Society of Decorative Art.

The presentation of "the freedom of the city of London" is an honor not often conferred. Consequently the fact that General Grant has recently been made an honorary citizen, and has been given a grand reception by the corporation of London, has awakened much interest both in this country and in England. The "freedom" consists merely in this: as a token of honor, a piece of parchment, inscribed with the name and titles of the recipient, guarantees to him and his children forever certain rights and privileges in the city. It bears the seal and signature of the Lord Chamberlain, is ornamented and illuminated, and inclosed in a long thin gold box. The presentation is made with various ceremonies. The gold casket containing the "freedom" presented to General Grant was beautifully decorated with American eagles and various emblems of the prosperity of the United States, as well as of the city of London.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of "The Soldiers' Home" at Bath, New York, took place on June 13 with appropriate exercises. The oration was by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and the corner-stone was laid by Commander James Tanner, on behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic. A large number of documents and other articles were deposited beneath the stone. The site selected for the Home is delightful, and the work on the buildings is already well advanced. They are designed to accommodate between three and four hundred men. The grounds comprise a farm of about 240 acres.

The Senior Class of Yale numbers 117. The oldest is twenty-eight, the youngest nineteen, years of age. It is said that forty-three of these expect to be lawyers, and only eight ministers, and nine doctors.

Some of the soundest advice which the colored race have ever received was recently given to a large audience at St. Michaels, Talbot County, Maryland, by Mr. Fred Douglass, United States Marshal for the District of Columbia. Mr. Douglass some time ago expressed a desire to visit his old master, Captain Thomas Auld, of St. Michaels, and the scenes of his youth. He was first received by Judge William H. Bruff, Captain Auld's son-in-law, who addressed him as "Marshal Douglass." "No, no," he remonstrated; "I am Marshal Douglass in Washington; here let me be Fred Douglass again." The meeting between the former master and servant was very affecting, and the interview pleasant throughout. It had been forty-one years since Mr. Douglass had made his escape from St. Michaels, and he asked Captain Auld to forgive any unjust or unkind statements he had made in the heat of feeling incident to that time and soon after. Later in the day Mr. Douglass addressed a large audience of white and colored people. Space forbids us to make extended extracts, but from the informal report received we clip a sentence here and there:

"He did not believe the colored people were fundamentally inferior to the whites, but they are nevertheless practically inferior. We must not talk about equality until we can do what white people can do....

"The question now is, Will the black man do as much now for his master [himself] as he used to do for his old master? Do you, my colored friends, get up as early now to work for yourselves as you used to do to work for that stern old Roman, Samuel Hambleton?....

"One trouble with the colored people is that they always want to be going somewhere, and do not stay in one place or at one time long enough to accumulate. A poor people are always a despised people. To be respected, they must get money and property. Without money there is no leisure; without leisure, no thought; without thought, no progress. Their preachers should tell them more about what to do, and less about what to feel. They should cultivate their brains more and their lungs less. They should not depend upon being helped, but should do for themselves. He was tired of Ethiopia holding out her hands. They should not depend upon the Lord for every thing. The Lord is good and kind, but is of the most use to those who do for themselves. No man has a right to live unless he lives honestly, and no man lives honestly who lives upon another."

Such advice as the above is worthy of attention from every person, of whatever race or color.

The one hundred and twenty-third Commencement of Columbia College attracted a large audience at the Academy of Music. The stage was occupied by the trustees and faculty of the college, while about 450 students filled the front seats of the auditorium. The exercises, from the Greek Salutatory, delivered by Mr. Fletcher, who achieved the highest honors of his class, to the Valedictory, by Mr. Mitchell, were apparently appreciated by enthusiastic friends. The graduating class of the college numbered twenty-six, and of the School of Mines, twenty-seven.

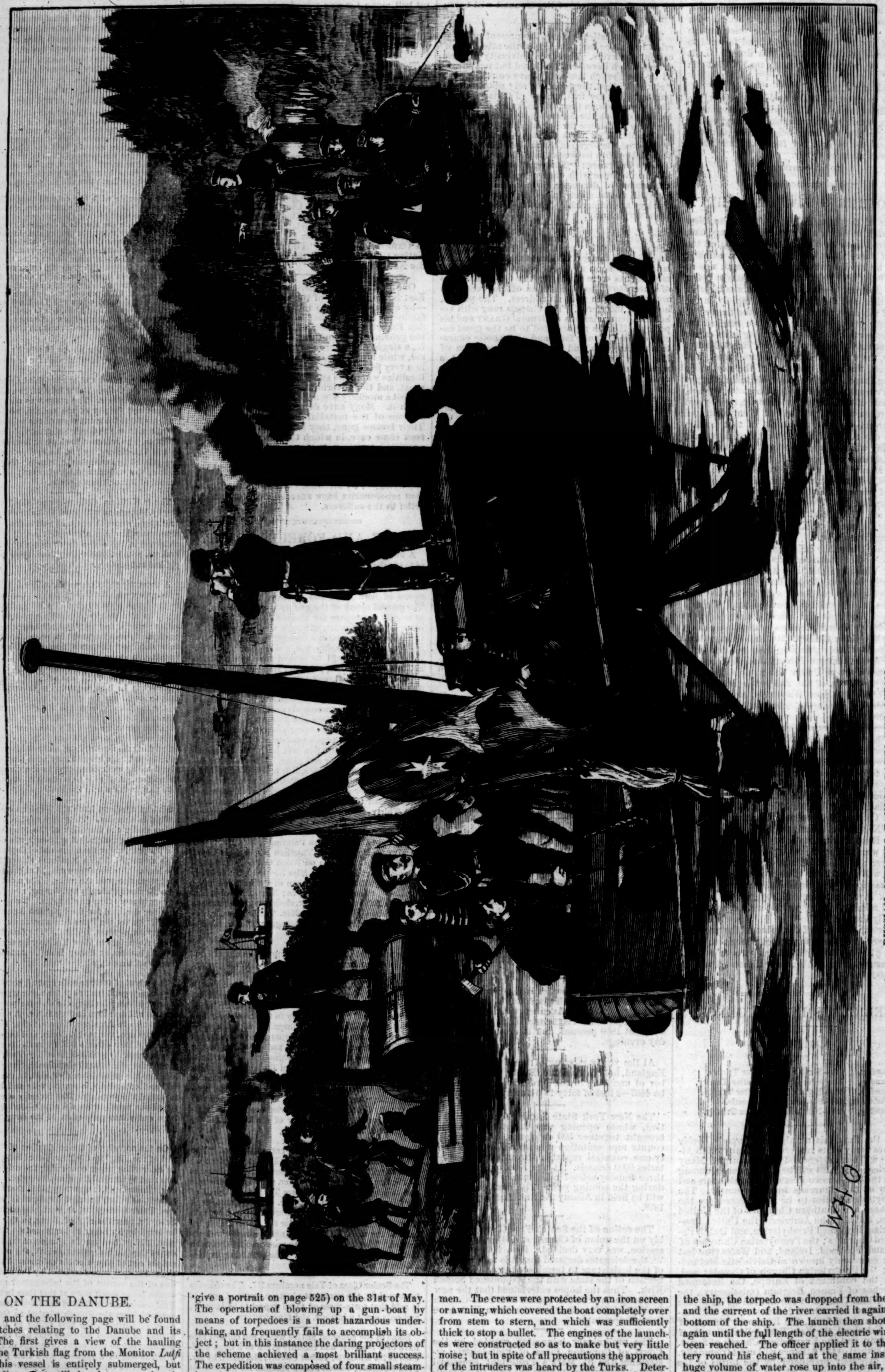
The "Williams College Expedition" through the Rocky Mountains will leave Chicago on July 11, and first spend a month at Great Salt Lake. The college museum will claim a complete set of all specimens collected in the seven departments of geology, mineralogy, botany, mammalogy, ornithology, ichthyology, and entomology.

A romantic story comes from Eureka, Nevada, of a young man who for some time past has been engaged in the humble occupation of a restaurant waiter, but who has attracted considerable attention on account of his superior learning and intelligence. He seemed particularly well informed in regard to European affairs and the "Eastern Question." He would reveal nothing, however, about his previous life. But all secrets finally come to light; and now it is said that he is a Russian noble, and was colonel in the army. Unfortunately he had a quarrel with another officer, a duel followed, and the count killed his antagonist. To escape the penalty, he fled to this country, having been disowned by his family. When the European complication arose, he opened a correspondence with the Russian government and his family. The latter recalled their displeasure, and secured his pardon by the government. He has not only been pardoned, but restored to his rank of colonel in the Chasseurs of the Grenadiers. And now he is about to return home and take part in the war in the East.

Sixteen sea-lions from the Mexican coast recently arrived in this city. They were captured by an expedition under the direction of the proprietors of the New York Aquarium. A schooner was chartered for the purpose, under the command of Captain J. Mullet, who employed fifteen Mexicans skilled in throwing the lasso. The lions were caught at early dawn, while they were asleep on the rocks. The work was attended with much difficulty and danger, and the party never caught more than one in a day. Two of these creatures are destined for the Brighton Aquarium, in England, two for the Paris Acclimatization Society, and two for Amsterdam, Holland. The others will remain at the Aquarium in New York, or be sent to the Sea-side Aquarium, at Coney Island. Among them is a female with a cub.

The wheel of fortune rolls around, sometimes bringing strange good luck to those never watching it, and causing others who linger in obscure poverty to wonder if it will ever turn in their favor. A couple of boys, brought up in Atchison, Kansas, being left orphans a few years ago, went to St. Louis, and became clerks in a store. Their parents had formerly lived in Canada, where a wealthy grandfather still resided, but all communications between the families had long ceased. Not long ago the grandfather died, and, in the absence of a will and other heirs, a second wife and her daughter inherited the property. But recently a will has been found—as usual, in an old trunk—and by it the two boys come into possession of the snug little sum of $1,700,000.

On the occasion of the celebration of the "Centennial of the Flag" by the New York Historical Society, an interesting paper concerning the origin of the flag was read by General Hamilton Schuyler. Among other reminiscences, it was mentioned that the Stars and Stripes, as a flag, was first displayed in battle by Colonel Peter Gansevoort at Fort Stanwich, since Fort Schuyler, near the city of Rome, in this State, when besieged by St. Leger and attacked on the 9th of August, 1777. The blue of the union of the flag was made out of Captain Swartwout's cloak, the white stars and stripes out of pieces of his shirt sewed together, and the red stripes were furnished by the scarlet cloak of one of the women of the beleaguered garrison, such cloaks being much worn at that time in this country. Paul Jones, in command of the *Ranger,* demanded and received from the French admiral in Quiberon Bay, coast of Brittany, the first salute to the Stars and Stripes as adopted 100 years ago, gun for gun, it having been before that event the usage of Europe to salute the flag of a republic with four guns less than were fired to salute the flag of a crowned potentate. When the flag was first adopted by Congress in 1777, it was the design to add a new star and stripe whenever a new State was admitted to the Union. But in 1818 Congress decided that only a star be added. There are now thirty-seven stars; next Fourth of July another will be added for Colorado, recently admitted to the Union.

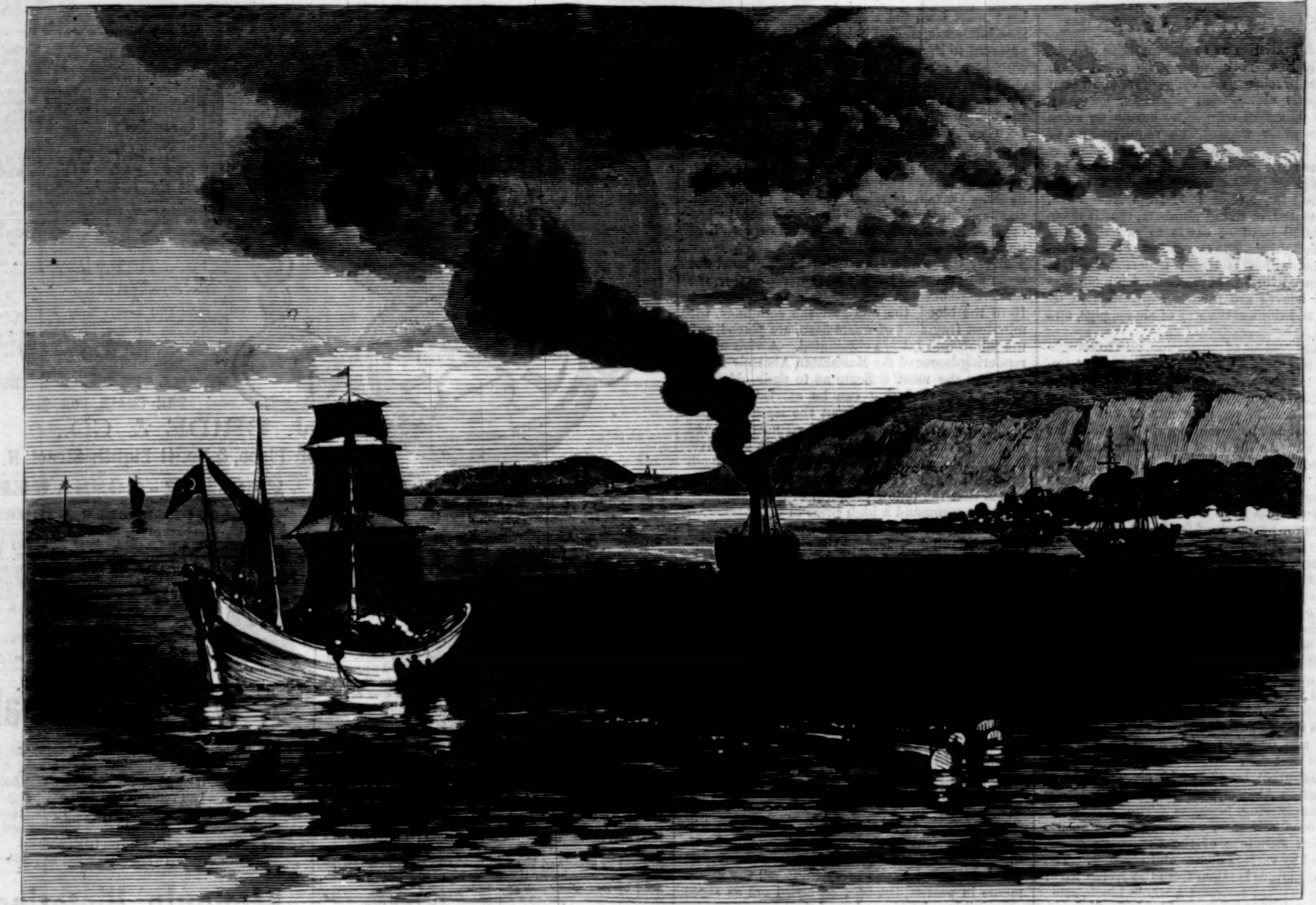


RUSSIAN OFFICERS TAKING DOWN THE OTTOMAN FLAG FROM THE TURKISH MONITOR, "LUTFI DJELIL."

ON THE DANUBE.

On this and the following page will be found three sketches relating to the Danube and its shores. The first gives a view of the hauling down of the Turkish flag from the Monitor *Lutfi Djelil*. This vessel is entirely submerged, but her protruding mast still dared to sport the obnoxious Crescent, and a party of Russians who have made their way to the side of the sunken Monitor are engaged in removing the hated colors. The destruction of this gun-boat was accomplished by the heroic action of Lieutenants **Doubassoff** and **Shestakoff** (of the former we give a portrait on page 525) on the 31st of May. The operation of blowing up a gun-boat by means of torpedoes is a most hazardous undertaking, and frequently fails to accomplish its object; but in this instance the daring projectors of the scheme achieved a most brilliant success. The expedition was composed of four small steam-launches, two of which were to make the attack, and the two others to hold themselves in readiness to render assistance in case, as was probable, of an accident to either of the attacking ones. The two launches which were to make the attack were commanded by the officers named above, and manned one by fourteen, the other by nine men. The crews were protected by an iron screen or awning, which covered the boat completely over from stem to stern, and which was sufficiently thick to stop a bullet. The engines of the launches were constructed so as to make but very little noise; but in spite of all precautions the approach of the intruders was heard by the Turks. Determined not to be beaten, however, the launch of **Doubassoff** steadily moved toward the gun-boat in defiance of the lively fusillade directed toward it by the guns of the latter. As the little vessel shot under the bow of the Monitor, the chain which was fastened to the torpedo was flung round a chain or rope that was hanging from the bow of the ship, the torpedo was dropped from the spar, and the current of the river carried it against the bottom of the ship. The launch then shot away again until the full length of the electric wire had been reached. The officer applied it to the battery round his chest, and at the same instant a huge volume of water rose up into the air, which half filled and nearly swamped **Doubassoff**'s launch, and a fearful explosion was heard, which completely drowned the shouts and cries and firing of the Turks.

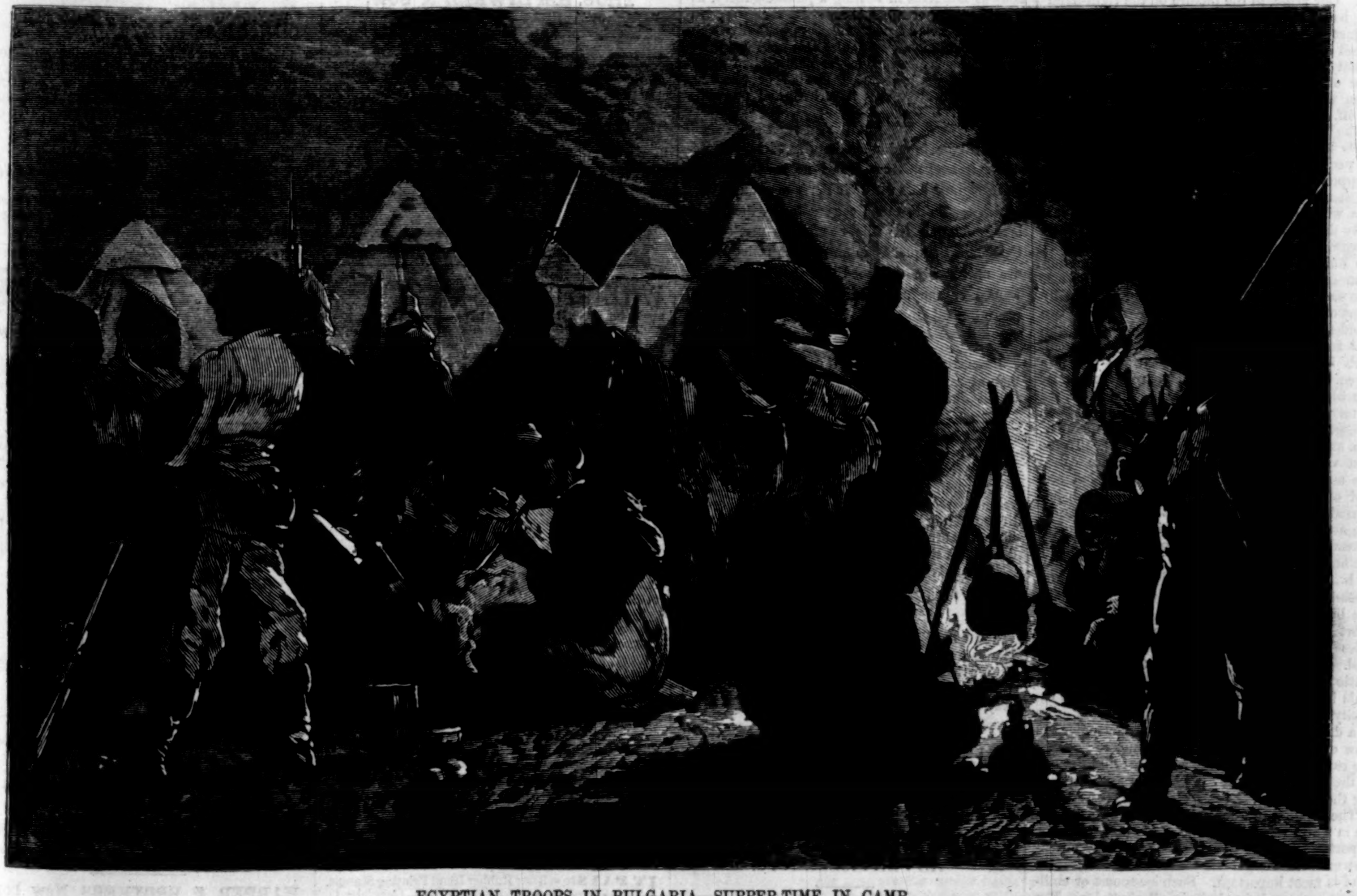
In the mean time, the other Monitors became alarmed, and, without knowing the cause, fired at random. A fearful scene of terror and confusion



ON THE DANUBE, ABOVE RUSTCHUK.

ensued. They not only fired on the Russian launches, that kept dodging about like mosquitoes, but in their panic and confusion fired into each other. The bullets rattled over the iron awnings of the launches, but did them no harm. They were not once struck, although the bow of one was pierced and sunk by a piece of a shell that exploded near it. The two launches were now on opposite sides of the doomed ship. Doubassoff perceived that the Monitor was sinking down before, but very slowly, while the Turks continued to fire away blindly but incessantly both with small-arms and cannon. Doubassoff cried out to Shestakoff to try and place another torpedo, in order to make sure of the ship, and the latter slipped in under the stern and put down another torpedo in the same manner as the previous one. He then shot off until he was at a safe distance, applied the electric battery in the same manner, and a still more terrible explosion followed. Parts of the ship were blown into the air, and the crew of the launch were panic-stricken by a large plank which came down endwise, driving its way through the iron screen into the boat between two of the sailors. They were sitting back to back, not far from each other, but the plank managed to make its way between them without injuring either. The Monitor sank rapidly, and after a few minutes nothing but her masts were visible above water.

The next engraving shows a peaceful scene in comparison to the one just described. It is a view of the Danube just above Rustchuk—a town that has already been described at some length in the *Weekly*. The engraving just below brings us back once more to war and warlike scenes. This sketch was made upon the heights of Cape Galata, near Varna, which are now studded with the white tents of the Egyptians who have come to assist the Turks in the present struggle. These tents form a pleasant contrast to the surrounding verdure, and the forms of the black soldiery in their brilliant uniforms add to the picturesqueness of the scene. They are a fine, hale, kindly set of men, who take good-naturedly to hard work, and appreciate with true philosophy the meagre comforts of camp. According to an English newspaper writer, "Only give him a good supply of cigarettes and an occasional draught of sharrab, and your Egyptian will work like a horse through the hottest hours of a hot day. There is, indeed, something almost absurd to a Northerner in the way in which they will wrap their huge capuchined cloaks round them at times when any one of us would gladly divest himself of coat and waistcoat."



EGYPTIAN TROOPS IN BULGARIA—SUPPER-TIME IN CAMP.

THE MANHATTAN ABATTOIR.

Although statistics as to the quantity of beef consumed in New York can not be relied upon for absolute precision, market reports show that the metropolis alone, with capacious maw, assuages the pangs of hunger by devouring some 7500 cattle every week. The requirements of New York, however, so that famished people may not be stinted in roast beef, steaks, or brisket, are even beyond this. As numerous cities in the neighborhood draw their food from New York, it may be stated, in round numbers, that it takes weekly 10,000 head of cattle to provision the place comfortably. The overquantity beyond absolute consumption is either exported, held in stock, or cured for future use. These huge hecatombs of beeves are further supplemented by enormous additions in the way of sheep, pigs, and calves.

In all great centres of population, how to slaughter cattle becomes a question of paramount importance. In the erection of an abattoir, putting aside the convenience of the locality for purposes of business, certain requirements of not only a hygienical but an absolutely moral character must be looked at. As the most exquisite cleanliness is a necessity, abundance of air, light, and water is wanted. If Madrid may delight in bull-fights and the public slaughter of animals for sport, New York shrinks from an exhibition of cattle-killing even for purposes of food. It is not proper that the shambles should be open to the gaze of every one. Without any oversentimentality, the butchering of animals should not be too much exposed to public gaze. Then, again, in the construction of the slaughtering pens, the better sense of the age understands that every precaution must be used in order that cattle to be killed should suffer as little pain as possible. Having all these objects in view, the city of New York has passed laws which place slaughter-houses under supervision, and the Health Board very properly insists that buildings erected for the purpose of killing and dressing cattle must be specially erected for that end.

Our illustration on page 520 gives a view of the Manhattan Abattoir, with the various details of the slaughtering business. The Manhattan Abattoir, originally built for a market, is an immense brick structure of the Composite order, surmounted by various domes and steeples. The view in our picture is taken from the North River side. The market occupies a whole block, some 200 by 800 feet, and is situated between Eleventh and Twelfth avenues, and Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth streets. The superficial area is four acres. About one-half of the market is occupied by the abattoir. The roof is supported by pillars, and the ventilation is absolutely perfect. The abattoir is divided up into various stalls and killing pens. Fronting on the river, there is an ample space where cattle can be landed, and allowed to find repose prior to slaughtering. From these cattle inclosures there runs a tunnel under Twelfth Avenue, where the animals can be brought at once into the shambles. This is an admirable arrangement, from the fact that the animals are not seen by the outside public from the time of their landing until they are converted into beef. That harrying of cattle, that chasing and driving them about, is entirely evaded in the Manhattan Abattoir. Our artist, in the picture on the right-hand side, has clearly portrayed the appearance of cattle just emerging from the tunnel, prior to being placed in their particular slaughter pens. There is that look of astonishment, that slight appearance of dread, more or less evinced by cattle when they first smell blood, which is capitally hit off.

The absolute method applied to slaughtering cattle is as follows. When the cattle are all in the pens, one of the slaughterer's assistants quietly approaches an animal and passes a rope around the steer's hind-leg above the joint, and by means of a windlass the beast is carefully and deliberately drawn up until it hangs suspended, head downward, some three feet from the floor. If the animal struggles at first, all violent motion soon ceases, and the brute appears as if dazed. The slaughterer whets his knife—an exceedingly short one, not over six inches long—and with two rapid strokes almost severs the head of the animal from the body. It takes hardly a second, such is the certainty with which the cuts are given. Instantly large tin pans are placed under the bleeding animal. The expression in regard to torrents of blood flowing from an animal is an exaggeration; five gallons is about the quantity. The struggles of the animal are but few. To the first violent quiverings follow what are called the automatic movements. After the first second of pain, evidently all physical anguish has passed away, and, if it might be so expressed, the animal is dead before he is conscious of it. A test used by the killer to satisfy himself that the animal is dead is to crook his tail. No sooner has the last quiver passed than flaying and disemboweling take place. Two or three men are busy with the carcass, and in an incredibly short space of time the beef is halved, and the sides are pushed along a railroad overhead to cool. A skillful killer with his assistants, when cattle are docile, can slaughter and dress six animals in an hour. When urged to its utmost capacity, the Manhattan Abattoir can kill and dress in a day 1000 cattle. The illustration under the view of the market gives the manner of hoisting the cattle by means of the windlass; and the one to the right, the method of cleaning and suspending the carcasses.

The use of chill-rooms, in order to prepare cattle in warm weather for the home market or for exportation, forms the subject of one of our illustrations. To get rid of the animal heat in beef is most important. Such ice-rooms or chill-rooms are now being built in all abattoirs. The construction of a chill-room is quite simple. In all modern methods of refrigerating food, ice is kept apart from the alimentary substances. An ice-chamber is erected either in the chill-room or adjacent to it, and by means of a fan or blower a current of air is made to pass through the ice-chamber, thence into the room, the same cold dry air being always in circulation. Of late years the temperature at which meat could be kept has been well determined. Not lower than 32° or above 38° is about what is wanted. An even temperature is most desirable. At lower temperatures, meat will keep forever, but at a loss of flavor. Certain physical changes rather than chemical ones take place in the fibre of meat when exposed to low temperatures, which deprive it of its peculiar excellence.

Every thing about an animal being good for some purpose, and having a mercantile value, the rendering-house in the abattoir is of interest. Here the blood, the offal, all the scrapings, the minutest fragment of waste flesh, are placed, and the tallow and fat are eliminated. A visit to the rendering-house of the Manhattan Abattoir would convince the most delicate as to their olfactory senses that rendering can be carried on on a most extensive scale without the least perceptible odor. In fact, it may be roundly asserted that when a rendering factory becomes offensive, it is due to sheer carelessness. As a thorough process always gives the best results, it may be stated that the tallow products of the Manhattan Abattoir command a high price in the market.

The shipment of American beef to England and Scotland has assumed such enormous proportions of late as to have directed considerable attention to it. During the months of March, April, and May of this year the weekly shipments abroad have been over 2500 cattle from New York alone, not counting dressed cattle sent from some other ports. After the sides of beef have been properly chilled, they are covered with canvas, and so suspended from hooks in the chill-rooms of the steamer. One illustration gives the method of sacking, and another picture shows the final handling of the beef before it makes its appearance at the tables of our English and Scotch friends. In winter the transportation of the meat from the chill-rooms of the abattoir to the vessel can be carried on at any time, but in summer, night is the season for hauling the beef to the steamer. It is an interesting sight to witness the arrival of such a caravan of butchers'-meat, some twenty trucks crowding the piers at a time. As celerity is every thing, all the movements in putting the beef on board are as rapid as possible. The lowering of the temperature by a degree or more means a waste of ice. On the steamers the chill-rooms are constructed precisely like those in the abattoirs. The fan is driven by the machinery of the ship.

Our illustration gives the whole history of the work and slaughter-house from the arrival of the cattle to their final shipment as dressed beef for England. The Manhattan Abattoir, which we have selected as the type of a slaughter-house, is to be considered as a model establishment of its kind. With those practical and economic considerations which its originator, Professor Henry Draper, has brought to bear on the management of this abattoir, he has added a certain humanitarianism in regard to the treatment of cattle. If an hour spent at the Manhattan Abattoir may not call forth precisely the same emotions as one feels in visiting a picture-gallery, as a carnivorous creature it must be a satisfaction to know that the poor beasts are kindly dealt with. A positive assertion of this kind has more than its sentimental side, for badly killed meat, when animals have been abused or tortured, gives for result tough, flavorless, and unwholesome beef.

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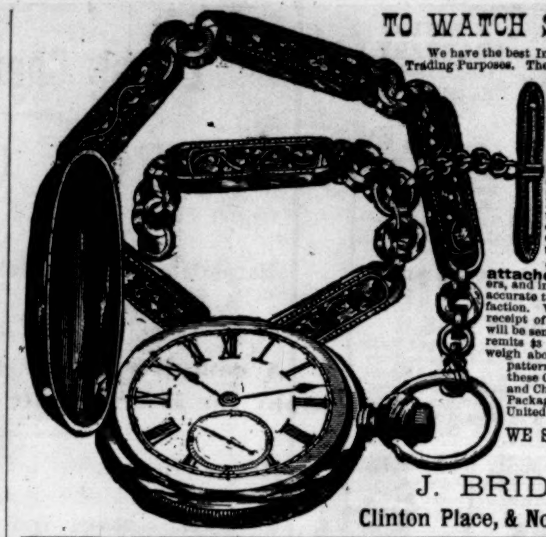

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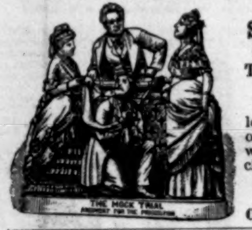

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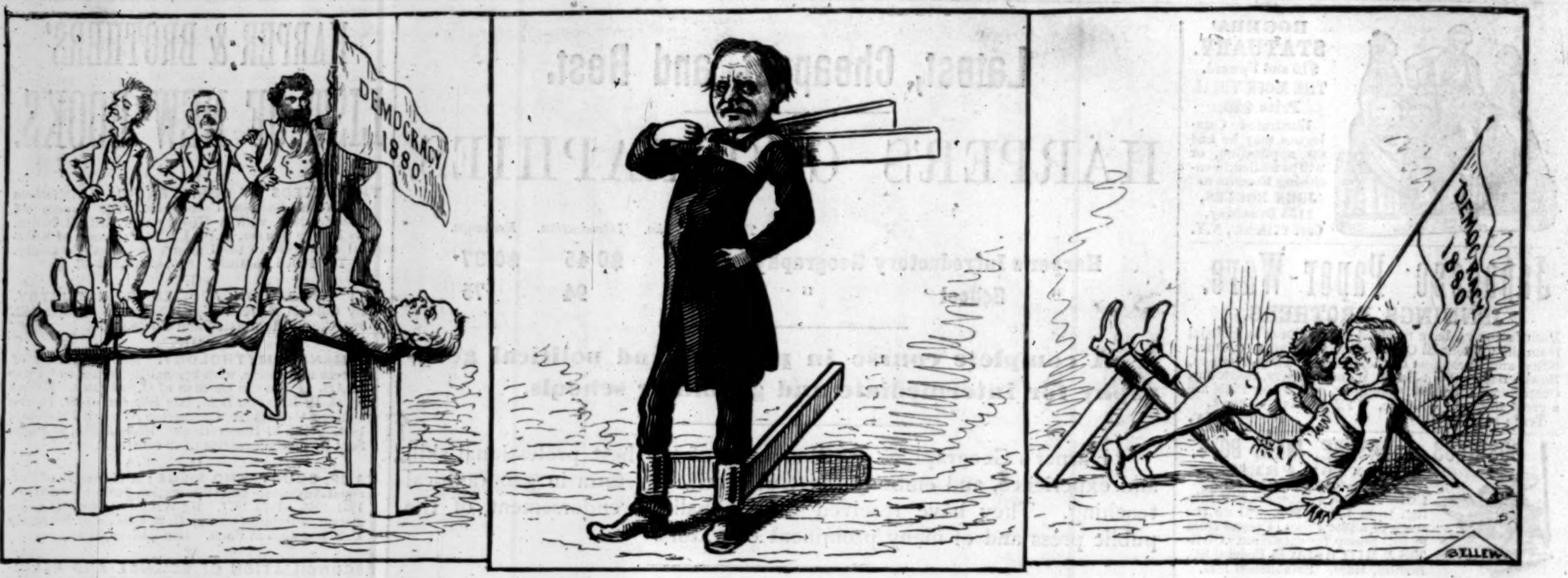

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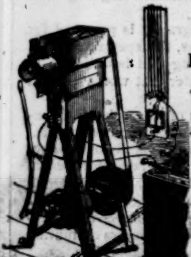
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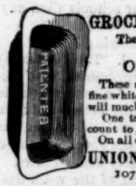

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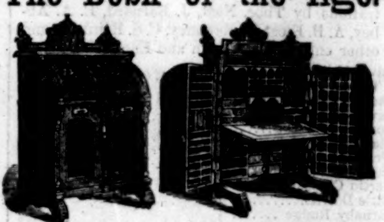
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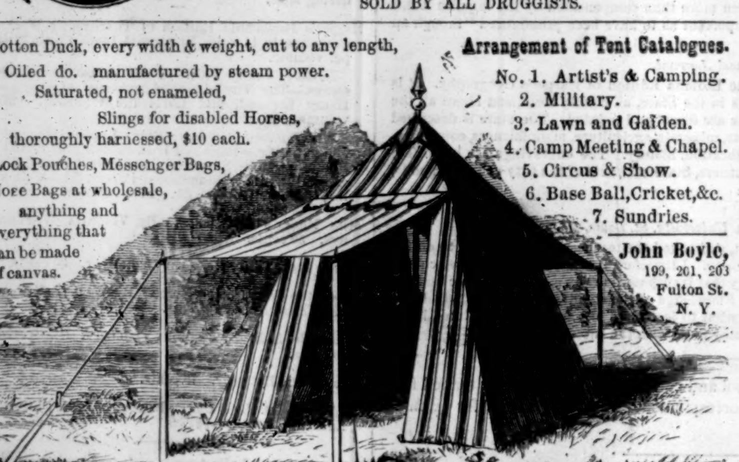

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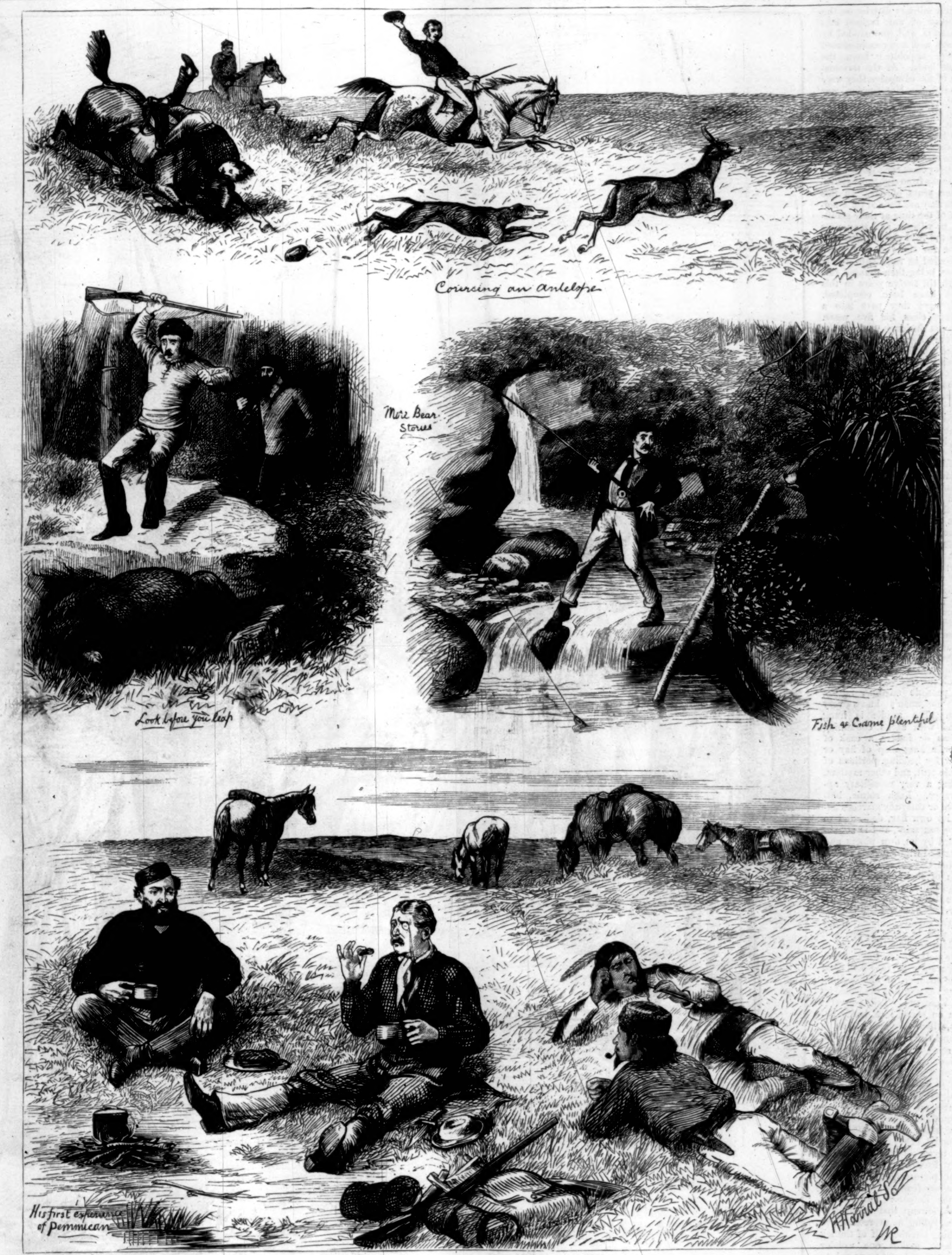


SPORTING IN MANITOBA.

SPORTING IN MANITOBA.

THE above engravings comprehend the third group of sketches lately published in the *Weekly* illustrating life in the wild regions of Hudson Bay, and the sources of amusement open to those who visit that country. As the biographer of that famous huntsman, the "Old Shekarry," justly remarks, "It is not given to all men to be perpetually satisfied with the monotonous routine of business, or with the empty and effeminate amusements of fashion;" and for those who long for the physical excitements produced by fresh air and the ardor of the chase, there is certainly no occupation more grateful than that of the hunter.

The territories of the Hudson Bay Company abound in game. Among the more important animals is the prong-horned antelope, or, as it is more familiarly called, the prong-bok. It derives its name from a sharp prong which springs from each horn where it commences to turn inward. It is about three feet in height, the tail is short, and the ears are long and sharply pointed.

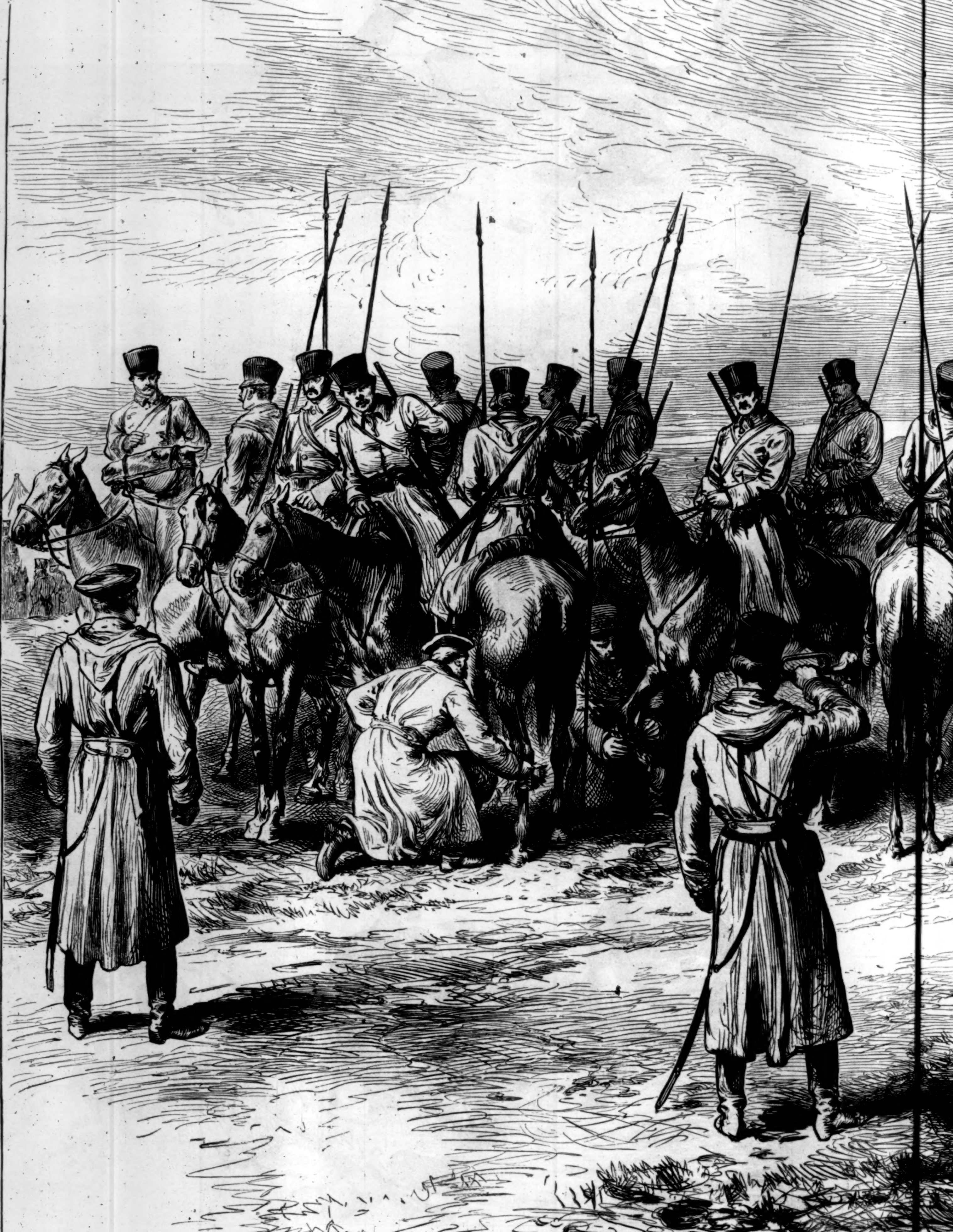
Bears are also common in these regions. The species most frequently encountered is the black bear. Except when wounded, or suckling its young, or encountered near its hiding-place, this creature is comparatively harmless to man. It is easily "knocked over" by the sportsman, and the skin, which is valuable for rugs, always brings a high price.

In the last sketch we see a party of hunters making their first acquaintance with pemmican. This article of food was originally prepared by the North American Indians, but the whites were very glad to adopt for certain purposes a species of preserved food that contains so large an amount of nutriment in so small a space. As made by the Indians, it consists of the lean portions of venison dried by the sun or wind, then pounded into paste, and tightly pressed into cakes. Sometimes a few fruits of the *Amelanchier ovata* are added to improve the flavor. It will keep for a very long time without spoiling, and can be made of other flesh than that of the deer. The pemmican used for arctic voyages is made chiefly from beef. The most essential point in its preparation is the entire elimination of all the oily substance in the meat. It is highly nutritious, and a very little of it goes a great way; but dried sawdust has quite as much flavor.

A COSSACK ENCAMPMENT.

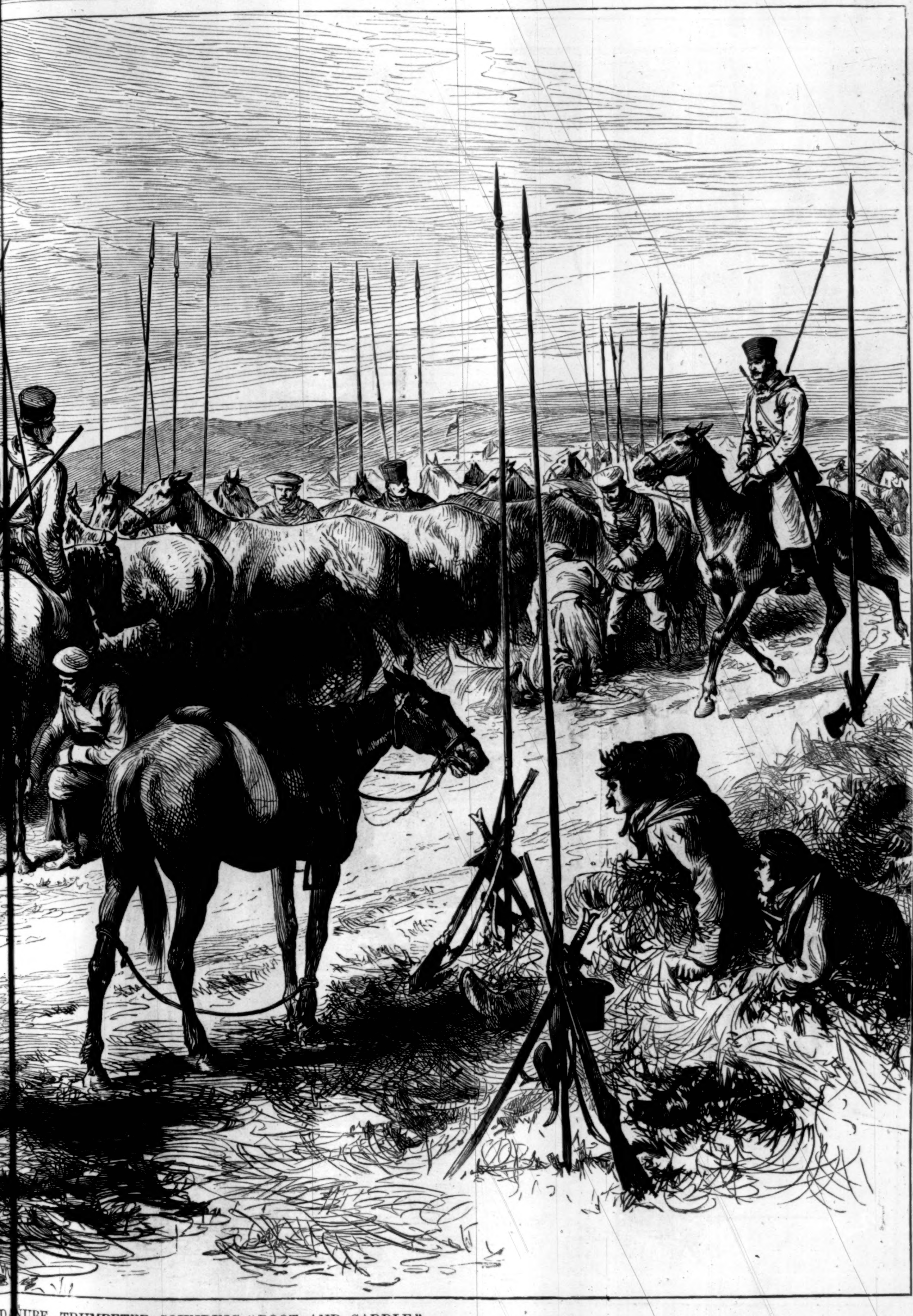
OUR double-page engraving shows a party of Cossacks sketched by our artist in the neighborhood of Galatz—an important point within a short distance of the Delta of the Danube. The Cossacks form the chief irregular troops of Russia. The greater number come from the vast steppes of the region drained by the river Don; but there are also Cossacks from other parts of the Russian dominions—from Kuban, the Terek, Astrakhan, Orenburg, the Ural, Siberia, the Amoor, etc. The Cossacks of the Don are those now to be employed in the European campaign, and their organization may serve as a type for that of the whole body. Until January 1, 1875, they had no permanent organization. They were brought together in a military district on the outbreak of war, formed into regiments, and commanded by officers and non-commissioned officers appointed from the whole body. At the termination of the campaign they were disbanded. Mobilization was slow, regiments had no cohesion, *esprit de corps* was impossible. For the last two years they have been organized. The active troops are divided into three classes. The first or preparatory class consists of young Cossacks from eighteen to twenty-one years of age. In this class they are trained for a portion of the time at their stanitsas, or villages, and then pass into the field class, where they serve for three or four years embodied in regiments during peace, being then granted furlough till twelve years in this class have been completed. Afterward they pass into a reserve class for five years. Men on furlough and in the reserve class are liable to be called up for war. The Don Cossack contingent alone furnishes in time of war sixty-two regiments of cavalry and twenty-two batteries of horse artillery. They provide themselves with their own equipment and riding horses. They are, in fact, military colonists. The regiments are called "polks," and each regiment is divided into six "sotnias," or squadrons, of about one hundred each. The uniform worn by the Cossacks usually consists of a dirty blue tunic and breeches, with very clumsy boots, and a peaked cap of oilskin stuck rather sideways upon the head, which is covered with long matted hair, cut straight and square behind. The arms of the Cossacks are a long lance with triangular blade, a heavy sword, and a carbine, and sometimes a revolver. They ride the roughest-looking but hardiest ponies, sitting almost on the animal's shoulders, and with the shortest possible stirrups, raising the horseman's knees very high. The saddle is hung round with sacks containing rations or fodder, a cask of water, a long wisp of hay or straw for bedding, portions of a rude tent, and other matters, having a very unmilitary appearance. Each sotnia, battalion, or company marches under its own flag, dedicated to its patron saint, and is accompanied by its own pipers and singers of wild barbaric music.

The Cossacks, however, in spite of their recent military organization, will probably always bear the character of guerrillas rather than that of regular cavalry soldiers. They are wild in their habits, and undisciplined and irregular in their method of fighting. Their appearance in the field and their manner of approaching an enemy are thus described by Mr. Vincent: "Tall, powerful men on small, lean, hardy ponies, which they guide with the thinnest of snaffle-bits and single reins, armed with long lance without a pennon, short sword, pistol stuck in the girdle, and rifle in leathern case slung behind, who, creeping silently yet swiftly on to an enemy, are ubiquitous in the field, their ponies' heads almost sniffing the ground. They have become the terror of many a foe of Holy Russia. Their dress is most picturesque. They use no spurs (except in the escort of the Emperor), but have a short stirrup that in winter, when riding in overcoats, and nothing but the calf of the leg is seen, makes one wonder where they have managed to stow the thigh. Members of a manly race, all of whom are soldiers, trained to arms, associated with and accustomed to horses from their earliest infancy, always left to shift for themselves, never nurtured in comfort or luxury, these Cossacks of the Don are invaluable troops for escort, police, outpost, foraging, and scouting duty; yet their deficiency in education would probably prevent their performing cavalry duty with the same intelligence as the Prussians did in the late campaign."



A COSSACK ENCAMPMENT NEAR GALATZ, ON THE D NUBE—

The Cossacks date their origin as far back as the year 800. At that time they were composed of a multitude of adventurers from the surrounding nations, who formed themselves into a sort of roving republic, and ultimately settled on the banks of the river Dnieper. The position selected was upon the farther side of the cataracts, from which they received the name of Zaporogztzi, *i. e.*, the people who live beyond the rapids. Later, similar communities were founded in the regions of the Don, the Volga, and the Yaik. The head-quarters of the Zaporogztzi was a fortified camp on the Dnieper, just below the point where a ridge of rocks lying across the bed of the river forms a series of cataracts. On approaching it from the steppe the traveller first entered a faubourg or bazar, in which there was a considerable population of Jewish traders. At the further end of this faubourg stood a fortified tower with a big gate, beyond which lay a wide open space surrounded by thirty-eight enormous wooden sheds. In each of these sheds, which were simply large scantily furnished halls, lived a *kurén* or troop of Cossacks, numbering sometimes as many as 600 men. Here during the day the members of the *kurén* assembled to partake of the common meals, and here at night they slept upon the floor. In the open space were held the general assemblies for the yearly election of the Atamán or chief, and for the discussion of all important questions touching the public weal. The assemblies were always noisy, and sometimes ended in bloodshed, for the Zaporogztzi were little accustomed to self-control, and quick to resent a fancied insult from friend or foe. Here, too, might be seen in ordinary peaceful times little groups of Cossacks, sometimes in a state of semi-intoxication, strolling about with their beloved "lulki" (t ecco-pipes lazily in the sunshine a talking o pects of the fishing sea , or perh tended raid on the Ta aouls. space, which might be lled the f smaller inclosure com , the pu the residence of the At n, their r —a modest wooden h scarcely that of a European pea —and a cated to the Virgin. W n these t no woman was ever all d to ente



DANUBE—TRUMPETER SOUNDING "BOOT AND SADDLE."

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n. W n these two inclosures
er all d to enter. The Cossacks of the Don, the Volga, and the Yaïk had a somewhat different organization. There was no organized camp, but the people lived in villages, and assembled as necessity demanded. As they were completely beyond the sphere of Polish influence, they knew nothing about "knightly honor" and similar ideas that prevailed among their brethren of the Dnieper. They even adopted many Tartar customs, and loved in times of peace to strut about in gorgeous Tartar costumes. Besides this, they were nearly all emigrants from Great Russia, and mostly old ritualists or sectarians, while the Zaporogztzi were Little Russians, and therefore orthodox.

Owing to their predatory habits and the fury with which they fought when their incursions met with resistance, the Cossacks were for centuries a serious annoyance to their neighbors, the Russians, Poles, Turks, and Tartars. Occasionally, however, according to caprice or in the hope of plunder, they would place themselves under the protection of one or the other of their powerful neighbors, and for a time that nation at least would be free from the constant and irritating attacks made by these lawless tribes. Russia was generally preferred, on account of the similarity of her religion with their own, Mohammedanism being sincerely despised by the Cossacks. In the armies of whatever temporary master they chose to select they were always distinguished by their bravery and the absolute *abandon* with which they fought when once in the presence of the enemy.

In the time of Catherine II. Russia began to find the power and restlessness of her quondam allies intolerable. The Cossacks organized one or two formidable insurrections, and invariably chose the time when she was involved in difficulties with other nations to harass her borders. The result was a determination on the part of the government at St. Petersburg to crush the strength of the Cossacks. After a severe struggle, in which these bold warriors exhibited all the heroism and endurance common among men fighting for their liberty, they were finally compelled to lay down their arms before Russia. All the Cossacks were deprived of their independence, but the fate of the various communities was different. Those of the Yaïk and the Don were allowed to remain in the old homes, but those of the Volga were forced to remove southward to the borders of the Terek. The communities of the Dnieper were also forcibly disbanded. The majority fled to Turkey, where some of their descendants may still be found, but a large number settled upon the banks of the Kuban—a river which rises in Mount Elburz, and after running through the mountains and valleys of the Caucasus, divides itself into three streams, two of which empty into the Sea of Azov, and the third and most considerable into the Black Sea. In this position the Cossacks have done good service to Russia by constant warfare with the wild tribes of the Western Caucasus.

TWO FORTRESSES.

On the last page of our Supplement we add two more to the series of engravings illustrative of the important military outposts on the Danube. Silistria, a strongly fortified Turkish town in Bulgaria, is chiefly remarkable on account of its being the first convenient point for crossing the river by the Russians, the Dobrudscha, or peninsula between the Danube and the sea, being well protected from invasion by its deadly climate. At Silistria the Danube is less than one-fourth of a mile wide, and is studded with numerous islands; but its passage is commanded by the fortress which surrounds the town. This citadel is built in the form of a semicircle, the diameter of which, 2000 paces in length, is turned toward the river. Silistria enjoys the reputation of being the most beautiful town on the Danube. The strategic importance of its position is sufficiently proved by the fact that it arose out of the old Roman town of Durostorum, and played an important part in the history of the Bulgarian Empire.

A short distance above Silistria, on the north bank of the river, lies the town of Oltenitza, facing the Turkish town of Turtukai. This is said to be the most vulnerable point in the Turkish Danube line. Turtukai lies on the lowest ledge of the terrace-like Bulgarian mountains. The ledge here is sixty feet high and close to the river, while the Roumanian bank is flat; but the town is small, and protected by a few redoubts only. Opposite the town, but rather above it, lies a Roumanian island, and this would greatly facilitate the crossing of the river. The Russians might occupy the island in the night, throw up fortifications, and then with heavy guns lay Turtukai in ruins; and, having conquered it, they would be able to attack Silistria and Rustchuk in the rear. In 1809 the Russians crossed the Danube here, and in 1853 both Prince Gortchakoff and Omar Pasha recognized the importance of this point. Gortchakoff advanced his centre from Bucharest on the roads to Giurgevo and Oltenitza, and on November 1 and 2 the Turks attempted the passage of the river at both these places. At Oltenitza the passage succeeded; the Turks intrenched themselves, and were attacked on November 4 by Gortchakoff with a great superiority of numbers. Omar Pasha, however, resisted the attack successfully. On November 12 the Turks left the right bank of the river, after having destroyed the bridge over the Artschik, the quarantine building, and their own fortifications; and in the spring of 1854 Omar-Pasha withdrew to Shumla, and left the passage across the Danube open to Russia.